

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.



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Coriolanus.

The Winter's Tale.

The Tempest.

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.,

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

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CORIOLOANUS.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus* was first printed in the folio of 1623, and is usually regarded as one of Shakespeare's latest plays. Edmond Malone ascribed it conjecturally to the year 1610. There is no evidence of a preceding play on the same subject by any other dramatist, and as *Coriolanus* was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th of November, 1623, to Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, printers of the first folio, as one of the copies that had not previously been "entered to other men," we know for certain that there had been no issue of this play in quarto. Shakespeare drew the story from no other source than Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus in Sir Thomas North's translation.

The shaping of the play is so contrived as to set forth most vividly the strength of our home ties. The bowing of the spirit of a proud, unconquerable warrior, impelled by the strongest of all other passions, to the love of wife, mother, and child, was the essential part of the old story. Shakespeare, who looked always for the soul of his play in that one of the elements of life which was especially concerned in its main action, made Coriolanus, like King Lear, an image of the transcendent power of those ties of nature by which God binds us together. In *Lear* the ties are broken: that way madness lies. In *Coriolanus* the ties hold: they are stronger than the strong man in

his wrath—stronger than death. The pride and passion of the mighty man of war are not the foremost features of the tale. The more Coriolanus is represented as the proud patrician, the fierce warrior whom nothing daunts, the more clearly is shown the power of that love which is strongest of all, as wholesome to us and familiar as the air we breathe. Shakespeare's first introduction of this power allies it to the daily life in all our homes : "Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Marcius : They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe."

The First Act of the play opens with mutiny in Rome, and Caius Marcius regarded as chief enemy to the people. The voice of the Second Citizen represents a kindlier tone of consideration for his public service, but it is from the First Citizen, who loves him least, that there comes chance recognition of his home affection. "He pays himself with being proud . . . what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud." After this opening sketch of the character of Coriolanus as seen through the distance between him and the people, whom he scorns, Menenius Agrippa, who is known for a peace-maker, enters upon the scene, with the good word of the Second Citizen, to which even the First Citizen assents. In the folios the numbering of the citizens, after the entrance of Menenius Agrippa, is reversed by an obvious error that was first corrected by Malone.

Menenius Agrippa represents in the life of Coriolanus the man most beloved of all who are not bound to him by the domestic tie. He is the old family friend, who takes, as nearly as friend can, a father's place ; with pride in

his son's successes, zeal to maintain his honour and prosperity, and joy in all signs of a love returned. Menenius Agrippa is, like Gonzalo in the *Tempest*, a good old statesman full of genial kindness, who believes in his friend, his dinner, and his joke, and has a generous fidelity that gives him influence and wins him trust. But these two kindly elders are well distinguished from each other. Menenius had more vigour to lead in service of the state, and a nature more lively in utterance. Gonzalo could not in a moment of delight cry "Hoo!" and throw his cap into the air. Menenius is a patrician with as much contempt of the populace as Coriolanus, but his contempt is mingled with the spirit of good-fellowship; he has no bitterness of scorn, but to citizens and tribunes speaks his ill-opinion of them with so much whimsical playfulness that they do not hold him for an enemy, however free the plainness of his speech. There is good-humour even in his wrath, and when he is sent back with a cracked heart to Rome, the old gleams of a kindly fancy play like household fire upon the ruin that shuts in his life. Menenius, when he comes among the mutinous plebeians, addresses them at once as his countrymen, as his good friends, his honest neighbours, wins their attention with a shrewdly applied fable, and then comes down with all his weight upon the leading malcontent as the great toe of the assembly, yet with a good-humour that can win friendly attention to the plainest speaking. Then Caius Marcius enters, and, in a tone sharpened by contrast with the manner of Menenius, pours his contempt upon the people with the bitter scorn that turns their hearts against him. In doing so he carries on the tale by reporting to Menenius the concession made to the other troop of mutineers who will have tribunes of their own choice "to defend their vulgar

wisdoms." The excess of his proud scorn is strongly marked—

"Would the nobility lay aside their ruth
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
As I could pick" (*i.e.* pitch) "my lance."

Here "quarry" is not derived from the word *quadratus*, squared, which gives its name to the place whence stones are cut, or to the square bolt shot from a crossbow; but it is from the French *cuir*, skin—a term of the chase. When the game was run down and killed, there was a regular form of distribution of the parts. The beast was skinned, and upon its thick skin—*cuir*—the meaner entrails were heaped up as the share of the dogs, who were let loose upon it. This was called in French the *curée*—in English adaptation of the word to English mouths, the "quarry." It was a *curée chaude* when given on the spot; a *curée froide* when prepared with bread and given in the kennel. There is uttermost contempt, therefore, in the comparison of quartered plebeians to this food for the dogs, the meanest entrails of the deer. Heart, liver, and kidneys were the umbles of the deer, which with the skin, head, chine, and shoulders were given to the keeper and his men. The venison pasty was served at the daïs, the umble pie or humble pie at the servants' table, whence "eating humble pie" meant having taken a place at the servants' table. Caius Marcius did not look so high as the umbles for a parallel to the best flesh of the plebeians.

Let it be said here that the Coriolanus legend is ascribed to the year B.C. 490, about which time a temple is said to have been founded to "Fortuna Muliebris," Fortune of Women's Bringing. But there was a famine in the year

B.C. 470, and there were terms like those of Coriolanus between Romans and Volscians, B.C. 458. In the demands for tribunes and for corn at the beginning of the play, Shakespeare unites the story of the secession to the Sacred Mount provoked by the law of debts, with a later outbreak caused by the opposition of Coriolanus to the distribution of the contents of Sicilian corn-ships. In this way the poet gets a larger expression of the need of the great hungry mass—bread, and a voice to represent their claims on the attention of the rich. The action of the legend from which Shakespeare takes his play extends over six years. In the play all its events follow close on one another as parts of a single thought.

After the contempt poured by Caius Marcius upon the common people follows at once, through senators who enter with the generals Cominius and Titus Lartius, the knowledge that the Volscians are in arms, and that there is old rivalry in war between Caius Marcius and Aufidius, the Volscian leader. Caius Marcius goes to the war under the command of Cominius, leaving the sting behind him of his insolent contempt, resented by the tribunes of the people.

The scene changes to Corioli, showing the plans of the Volscians; on the side of Aufidius, also the rivalry between him and Marcius; and the resolve to give battle to the Romans in the open field while also defending the city against siege.

Now follows the scene with the women in the home of Marcius. Enter Volumnia and Virgilia. They sit down on two low stools and sew. Volumnia is the high-hearted Roman mother, Virgilia the tender-hearted Roman wife. The thoughts of both are on their absent warrior, the mother glorying in his glory, the wife overwrought with

cares about his safety. The talk is home talk. The lady Valeria enters as a friend and gossip ; talk is of the child, of needlework, of visiting. Volumnia goes with Valeria to pay visits, but Virgilia is too anxious to go abroad. It would need little change to translate all into a home scene of this year 1888 among the ladies in the drawing-room. And simple and quiet as it all looks, here, in the heart of home, the power lies that saves a state, and is to that end stronger than armies or the shrewdest schemes of politicians.

Again Shakespeare uses the effect of contrast by passing from this picture of the women in the home to the most vivid painting of the men upon the field of battle. Marcius, in the attack upon Corioli, is shown, after battling single-handed within the gates suddenly closed on him, re-entering covered with blood, and, after the taking of Corioli, eager to rush at once into the other battle which is being fought, not far off, in the open field. Without rest, his brow covered with blood, he hurries to the fight in which Cominius, engaged with Aufidius, has withdrawn his force for rest. His eager question is : "Am I too late?" He leads chosen followers against Aufidius himself, and is victor in two battles, before, wounded and covered with the blood of enemies, he thinks of rest. Among these incidents the rivalry between Caius Marcius and Aufidius is shown with a fresh emphasis, and the nobler side of the proud spirit of Marcius appears in his impatience of the praise and the rewards that precede the conferring on him of the name of Coriolanus for what he did before Corioli. His generosity of nature also is associated with the incident that shows him at last faint from the long toil and loss of blood. And still the more the poet magnifies the

warrior's might, the more he magnifies God's gift of kindred love that is stronger than it all—the power of the women, who are no sword-bearers, but sit on their low stools and sew.

After this has been shown, the First Act ends with a scene in the camp of the Volscians, which points straight to the last scene of the play. In the rivalry between Coriolanus and Tullus Aufidius, we find Aufidius declaring that his

“ Emulation

Hath not the honour in 't, it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way ;
Or wrath or craft may get him.”

We learn at the close of the First Act the temper of the rival at whose hearth Coriolanus will stand in the fifth scene of the Fourth Act, and by whose friends and with whose assent Coriolanus will be assassinated in the last scene of the play. At the close of the First Act, Aufidius says—

“ Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart.”

In this way Shakespeare's plays, as those of any good dramatist needs must, abound in artistic foreshadowings and preparations for events to come.

The Second Act tells of the return of Coriolanus to Rome, and his election to the Consulship by voice of the

Senate ; and by the voices of the people, so contemptuously sought that, although given, with incitement from the tribunes, they are, at the close of the act, on the point of being revoked by the unstable crowd. In this act also, in the midst of the picturing of the proud spirit of Coriolanus, Shakespeare gives a central place to the ties of home. Volumnia is abroad, proud of his new achievements, to receive her son, impatient to meet him, as she tells her tidings of his triumph. "Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes, the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war." Virgilia is with Volumnia, and she is silent, anxious still with dread of hurt to him she loves ; and when Coriolanus enters, after short putting aside of the praise showered on him, all his care is for his mother and his wife, who meet him : and, giving a hand to each, it is between his wife and mother that he goes forward to the Capitol.

In the Third Act he and the tribunes who direct the people come into conflict, and this act ends with his banishment. When his stubborn spirit is shown in action, and the kindly old Menenius labours in all ways to pour oil over the stormy waters, and seeks to persuade Coriolanus to bear himself mildly, the influence of the mother over the son is made the foremost feature of the scene. Preparing for what is to follow, the act opens with note of the Volsces again making head. Coriolanus, in his high-handed dealing with the people, misses his mother's approbation :

" I muse my mother
Does not approve me farther."

The fierce warrior bears his mother's rebuke as if he were a child still at her knee. His spirit of scorn breaks

out while he is trying to obey his mother. "Pray be content," he had said to her,

"Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
Chide me no more."

"I banish you," was his proud answer to the sentence of the people as he turned his back on Rome.

The Fourth Act shows Coriolanus followed out of Rome's gates by his old friend Menenius, his old general Cominius, and his wife and mother ; the Volscians ready for a new attack ; and Coriolanus, seeking vengeance by alliance with the enemies of Rome, stands at the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, his enemy as well as Rome's. That Aufidius received him cordially was due to two causes. The deep underlying sense of a great gain to be won by the aid of Coriolanus himself as an ally in war against the Romans would make his alliance welcome to the Volscian state ; and a mere surface sense of the bold trust in his own generosity that prompted his enemy to put himself thus in his power, would stir for a time in Aufidius an answering emotion, altogether real and for the moment strong, though with no deep roots from which it could draw long continuance of life. It was planted rather in the soil of an old hatred which had lost all generosity of emulation, and in which the new emotion, however natural and honest, could not be sustained. The haughty spirit of Coriolanus would also make it difficult for any hatred in a rival's mind to remain long asleep. In the Fourth Act, while there is pale fear in Rome, the alliance of Coriolanus with the Volscians is established ; but the last words express the danger from Aufidius, who says—

"When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all ; then shortly thou art mine."

In the Fifth Act Coriolanus has Rome at his feet. His

old general, Cominius, has pleaded to him in vain. His old family friend, Menenius, persuaded to try his skill, and with a shrewd intention, after his own heart, of speaking to him when he has dined, is struck to the heart with a cold "Away!" followed by the declaration, "Wife, mother, child I know not." }

But when wife, mother, and child come, it is in vain that he cries—

"Out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate."

He melts to tenderness at his wife's gentle reverence—

"What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, 'Deny not.'—Let the Volscies
Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, *but stand*
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

But that is exactly what the play shows that a man cannot do. Thank God, these home-ties, of the love of God's own shaping for the help of man, are stronger than all evil passions, all brute forces of the world. Coriolanus yields to them, and in so doing shows them to be stronger than death: for he knows well that by his yielding, he places his life in the hands of his enemy. He cries—

"O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at.—Oh, my mother, mother! Oh,

You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
But for your son,—believe it, oh, believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.

And he goes back, as by a soldier's honour he feels that
he must, with Aufidius, to be murdered in Corioli,
while Rome exults in her deliverance.

H. M.

CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards	Licutenant to Aufidius.
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.	Conspirators with Aufidius.
TITUS LARTIUS, } <i>Generals</i>	A Citizen of Antium.
COMINIUS, } <i>against the</i>	Two Volscian Guards.
	<i>Volscians.</i>
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.	VOLUMNIA, Mother to Corio- lanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } <i>Tribunes</i>	VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } <i>of the</i>	VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
	<i>people.</i>
Young MARCIUS, Son to Co- riolanus.	Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.
A Roman Herald.	Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Aediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messen- gers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.	

SCENE.—Partly in ROME and its neighbourhood; partly
CORIOLI and its neighbourhood; and partly ANTIUM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves,
clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me
speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to
famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't ; let it be done : away, away !

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens ; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us : if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely ; but they think we are too dear : the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them. —Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes : for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

All. Against him first : he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

1 *Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol !

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes here ?

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough : would, all the rest were so !

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I
pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine
honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like
fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er
cared for us yet :—suffer us to famish, and their
store-houses crammed with grain ; make edicts for
usury, to support usurers ; repeal daily any whole-
some act established against the rich, and provide
more piercing statutes daily to chain up and
restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they
will ; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale : it may be, you have heard it ;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I 'll hear it, sir : yet you must not
think to fob off our disgrace with a tale : but, an 't
please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's
members
Rebelled against the belly ; thus accused it :—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir,

What answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer ? What !

The kingly-crownéd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then ?—

Fore me, this fellow speaks !—What then ? what then ?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrained,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you :
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have
little—

Patience awhile, you 'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered :—
' True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
' That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body : but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain ;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live ; and though that all at once,

You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark
me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you
think,—

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle ;
The one side must have bale.—

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius !

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;

Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it.—Who deserves great-
ness

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-
ing?

Men. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they
say,

The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em ! 'They say !'

They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol ; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines ; side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. 'They say' there's
grain enough !

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,

And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quartered slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved : hang 'em !

They said, they were an-hungry ; sighed forth
proverbs :

That hunger broke stone walls ; that dogs must
eat ;

That meat was made for mouths ; that the gods sent
not

Corn for the rich men only :—with these shreds

They vented their complainings ; which being
answered,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,—

To break the heart of generosity

And make bold power look pale,—they threw their
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men.

What is granted them ?

I sin in envying his nobility ;
And were I anything but what I am,
I 'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I 'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred !

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To COMINIUS.*] Lead you on.—
[*To MARCIUS.*] Follow Cominius ; we must follow
you ;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius !

1 *Sen.* [*To the Citizens.*] Hence to your homes ;
be gone !

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth ; pray, follow.

[*Exeunt all except BRUTUS and SICINIUS.*
The Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Marked you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the
gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! he is
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he's well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attained, than by
A place below the first ; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he
Had borne the business !'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. True :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earned them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and Senators.

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :—

[*Reads*] *'They have pressed a power, but it is not
known*

*Whether for east or west. The dearth is great ;
The people mutinous ; and it is rumoured,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent : most likely 't is for you.
Consider of it.'*

1 *Sen.* Our army 's in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veiled till when
They needs must show themselves ; which in the
hatching,
It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shortened in our aim ; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands ;
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but I think you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Room in MARCIUS' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then ?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my

son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
I see him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him :
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
'Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome : ' his bloody brow
With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's tasked to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! O Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gentlewoman*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and an Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship, well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son ; I'll swear 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together : he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again, caught it again : or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it !

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors !

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience ; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope : yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ?

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady : as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. — Fare you well then. — Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS
LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.*

Mar. Yonder comes news :—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy ?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him : lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies ?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, some Senators and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*]

Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinned with
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*]

Hark you, far off;

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,
ho!

The Volsces enter and pass over.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and
fight

With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on,
my fellows :

He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting.

The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
you,

You shames of Rome ! you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorred
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you : look to 't ; come on ;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches. Follow me.

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-
enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces
retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them
to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—now prove good
seconds ;

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden,
Clapped-to their gates : he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost,

Marcius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir !

Lart. O, 't is Marcius !

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—Within Corioli. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their
hours

At a cracked drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up—down with
them !—

And hark, what noise the general makes !—To
him !

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans : then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not ;
My work hath yet not warmed me. Fare you
well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus

I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend ; no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !—

[*Exit* MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind : away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, as in retreat.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends : well fought ; we
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods,

Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't
since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile ; briefly we heard their
drums :

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late ?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flayed ? O gods !

He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip you

In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burned to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,

How is 't with Titus Lartius ?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees :
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other ;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave

Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
Where is he ? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone ;

He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague !—tribunes for them !—
The mouse ne’er shunned the cat as they did
budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevailed you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not
think.

Where is the enemy ? are you lords o’ the field ?
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. Marcius,

We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? know you on
which side

They have placed their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,

Their bands i’ the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust ; o’er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates ;

And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,—
As it were sin to doubt,—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smeared ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself :
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow *Marcus*.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ;
take him up in their arms, and cast up
their caps.*]

O, me alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obeyed. Please you to march ;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli,
going with a drum and trumpet toward
COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a
Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So ; let the ports be guarded : keep your
duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding : if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.—
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct
us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the
Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,

Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased ; 'tis not my
blood

Wherein thou seest me masked : for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volscies come to
the aid of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant,—you have shamed me
In your condemnéd seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter from one side, COMINIUS and Romans ; from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,

Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds : but I 'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire ; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked, hear more ; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—

'We thank the gods, our Rome hath such a
soldier !'—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparison :

Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more ; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done

As you have done,—that's what I can ; induced

As you have been,—that's for my country :

He that has but effected his good will

Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be

The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know

The value of her own : 't were a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings ; and to silence that

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouched,

Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech
you,—

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done,—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses—

Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,—
of all

The treasure, in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general,
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry, "MARCIUS ! MARCIUS !" cast up their caps and lances. COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing ! When steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars ! No more, I say.
For that I have not washed my nose that bled,
Or foiled some debile wretch, which, without
note,

Here's many else have done, you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you,
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put
you—

Like one that means his proper harm—in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—Bear
The addition nobly ever !

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com.

So, to our tent ;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart.

I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com.

Take it : 't is yours—What is 't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he used me kindly :—
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com.

O, well begged !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot!—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.—

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time

It should be looked to: come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sold. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscie, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,

I've fought with thee: so often hast thou beat
me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't, it had ; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 *Sold.*

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour,
poisoned

With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick ; nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the
city ;
Learn how 't is held ; and what they are that
must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sold.*

Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I
pray you,—

'T is south the city mills,—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sold.*

I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men: tell me one thing that I
shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file ? do you ?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured ?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry ?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir ; well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O, that you could turn your eyes toward

the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O, that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't ; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint—hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion ; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning : what I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables ; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am 'known well enough too' ? What harm can your

bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be 'known well enough too'?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs : you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in

an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the
back of the scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—
Ho ! Marcius coming home !

Vir., Val. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him : the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night :
—a letter for me !

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me ! It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutiç, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in 's pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius : he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'll warrant him that : an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this ?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he bath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears :

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie,
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and
TITUS LARTIUS ; between them, CORIOLANUS,
crowned with an oaken garland, with Captains,
Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did
fight

Within Corioli gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these
In honour follows, Caius Marcius—

Coriolanus !

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

[*Flourish*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother !

Cor. O,

You have, I know, petitioned all the gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laughed had I come confined
home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ! Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet?—[*To VALERIA.*] O my
sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn :—O, welcome
home ;

And welcome, general ; and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could
weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy.

Welcome !

A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three
That Rome should dote on ; yet, by the faith of
men,

We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on !

Cor. [*To his Wife and Mother.*] Your hand
—and yours :

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy : only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state as before.*]

BRUTUS and SICINIUS come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him and the bleared
sights

Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks,
 windows,
Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station ; our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru.

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
 honours

From where he should begin and end ; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru.

In that there's comfort.

Sic.

Doubt not

He still hath held them ; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms ; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people,—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't : and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is
thought,

That Marcius shall be consul.

I've seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak : matrons flung
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he passed ; the nobles bended,

knowledge he has in their disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he 'd wave indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country ; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes.*]

Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,

To yield what passes here.

Sic.

We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts

Inclinable to honour and advance

The theme of our assembly.

Bru.

Which the rather

We shall be blessed to do, if he remember

A kinder value of the people than

He hath hereto prized them at.

Men.

That's off, that's off :

I would you rather had been silent. Please you

To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru.

Most willingly :

But yet my caution was more pertinent

Than the rebuke you give it.

Men.

He loves your people ;

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—

Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor.

Your honours' pardon :

I had rather have my wounds to heal again

Than hear say how I got them.

Bru.

Sir, I hope,

My words disbenched you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed not, therefore hurt not. But your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'
the sun
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monstered. [*Exit.*

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—
That's thousand to one good one,—when you now
see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one of 's ears to hear't?—Proceed, Com-
inius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-entered thus, he waxéd like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurched all swords of the garland. For this
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home : he stopped the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obeyed
And fell below his stem : his sword, death's
stamp,

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries. Alone he entered
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his :

When by-and-by the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quickened what in the flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we called
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the
honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kicked at ;
And looked upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world : he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble :
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call Coriolanus

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat
them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage :
please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices : neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't :
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and
thus ;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only !

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He will
require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come ; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do : for if

he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude ; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'t is strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, t'would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues; therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor.

What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir :—my
wounds ;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roared, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods !
You must not speak of that : you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ? Hang 'em !
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all :
I 'll leave you : pray you, speak to them, I pray
you,
In wholesome manner.

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit MENENIUS.*]—
So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought
you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert,

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begged.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter. [Exeunt the two Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitley: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't :—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust of antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through :
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watched for your voices ; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of ; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more : your
 voices :

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul. The gods

give him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul !

[Exeunt Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices !

Re-enter MENENIUS with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice : remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged :

The people do admit you ; and are summoned
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing
myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ? have you chose
this man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your
loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mocked us when he begged our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech ; he did not
mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
says,
He used us scornfully : he should have showed us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's
country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No ; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could
show in private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he : 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,
Here was,—'I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—

Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you.'—Was not this
mockery ?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see 't
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lessoned,—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy : ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal ; and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what hé stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic.

Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advised, had touched his spirit
And tried his inclination ; from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have galled his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And passed him unelected.

Bru.

Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves ; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you ? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic.

Have you

Ere now denied the asker ? and, now again,
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirmed ; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those
friends

They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorned you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes, that we laboured,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections ; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
you

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued ; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king ;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, nobly named so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic.

One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru.

Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on ;

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol,

All.

We will so : almost all

Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru.

Let them go on ;

This mutiny were better put in hazard,

Than stay, past doubt, for greater.

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage

With their refusal, both observe and answer

The vantage of his anger.

Sic.

To the Capitol, come :

We will be there before the stream o' the people ;

And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,

Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was which
caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first ;

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They 're worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did
curse

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be called your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru Call 't not a plot :
The people cry, you mocked them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined ;
Scandaled the suppliants for the people, called
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you informed them sithence ?

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul ? By yond
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;

Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused.—Set on.—This
paltering

Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonoured rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn !

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons :—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves : I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed and
scattered,

By mingling them with us, the honoured number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay, against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. 'Shall remain'!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. 'Shall'!
O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra heart to choose an officer,

That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not
spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
power,
I say, they nourished disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More werthier than their voices. They know the
corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't. Being pressed to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touched,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they showed
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words:—' We did request
it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear

They gave us our demands.'—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears ; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barred, it
follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't ; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To rouse a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out

The multitudinous tongue ; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. 'Has said enough

Sic. 'Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes ?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen : in a better hour
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason !

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho !—

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people ; [*Exit Ædile*] in whose
name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all
your power

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him!

[Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I'm out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes,

Speak to the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people ; peace !

Cit. Let 's hear our tribune :—peace ! Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consui.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people ?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word ;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace !

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friends,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon
him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting :
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword !—Tribunes, with-
draw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help ! Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble ; help him, young and old !

Cit. Down with him ! down with him !

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the People, are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house : be gone, away !
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast ;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that ?

1 Sen. The gods forbid !
I p'rythee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself : be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome littered ; not Romans, as they
are not,

Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men. Be gone ;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now, 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is called foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'er-bear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little : this must be
patched
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]

1 *Pat.* This man has marred his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his
mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.—[*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work !

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly, then ;

For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but our danger ; and to keep him here,
Our certain death : therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renownéd Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deservéd children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death ?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost,—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,—he dropped it for his country :
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry ; when he did love his
country,

It honoured him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was—

Bru. We 'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscanned swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties—as he is beloved—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?

Our ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come !—

Men. Consider this :—he has been bred i' the
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled
In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,—
In peace,—to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend
you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.—
[*To the Senators.*] Let me desire your company.

He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS' House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight ; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :

Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have
me

False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir !

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
are,

With striving less to be so : lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not showed them how you were disposed
Ere they lacked power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senator.

Men. Come, come ; you have been too rough,
something too rough :

You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There 's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counselled.

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman !

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble;
But when extremities speak—I have heard you
say,

Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,—how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people ; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour : I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady !—

Come, go with us : speak fair ; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretched it,—here be with
them,—

Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling,—say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men.

This but done,

Even as she speaks it, why, their hearts were
yours ;

For they have pardons, being asked, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol.

Pr'ythee now,

Go, and be ruled ; although, I know, thou hadst
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place ; and, sir,
't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence : all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce ?
Must I

With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear ? Well, I will do 't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-
place !—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son : as thou hast
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turned,

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, 'Mildly.'—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine;'; if death, cry 'Death;'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them

Bru. And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd.

Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru.

Go ; about it.—[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth

Of contradiction : being once chafed, he cannot

Be reined again to temperance ; then he speaks

What 's in his heart ; and that is there which looks

With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men.

Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honoured
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

1 *Sen.*

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : peace ! I
say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this
present ?

Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be proved upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content :

The warlike service he has done, consider ;

Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier. Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well ; no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That, being passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonoured, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to
take

From Rome all seasoned office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! traitor !

Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people !

Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock ! to the rock with him !

Sic.

Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru.

But since he hath

Served well for Rome,—

Cor.

What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.*Cor.*

You ?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
mother ?*Com.* Know, I pray you,—*Cor.*

I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, 'Good morrow.'

Sic.

For that he has—

As much as in him lies—from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power ; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it : in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :
He's banished, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends ;—

Sic. He's sentenced : no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins ; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift :—speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banished,

As enemy to the people and his country :
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air,—I banish you.

And here remain with your uncertainty !

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair ! Have the power still

To banish your defenders ; till, at length

Your ignorance, which finds not, till it feels,

Making not reservation of yourselves,

Still your own foes, deliver you, as most

Abated captives, to some nation

That won you without blows ! Despising, then,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back.

There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Cit. Our enemy is banished ! he is gone ! Hoo !
hoo !

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates ; and follow him,
As he hath followed you, with all despite ;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come ; let us see him out at gates :
come.—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :—
the beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating : fortune's blows
When most struck home, being gentle,—wounded,
—craves .

A noble cunning : you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conned them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be loved when I am lacked. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say
If you had been the wife of Hercules
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not ; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my
mother :

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general,

I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles ; tell these sad women,
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace ; and

Believe 't not lightly,—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon that his fen
Makes feared, and talked of more than seen,—your
son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O, ye're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—[*To BRUTUS.*] Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To SICINIUS.*] You shall stay too.—I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you man-kind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship To banish him that struck more blows for Rome Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
words ;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—yet
go :—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then !

He 'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began ; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had' ! 'T was you incensed the
rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone.

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this :—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banished, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well ; we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home ;
And, by my troth, you've cause. You 'll sup
with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and
Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me :
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as
you are, against 'em : know you me yet ?

Vols. Nicanor ? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you ;
but your favour is well approved by your tongue.
What 's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the
Volscian state, to find you out there : you have
well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insur-
rections ; the people against the senators, patricians,
and nobles.

Vols. Hath been ? Is it ended then ? Our state
thinks not so : they are in a most warlike prepara-
tion, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles

receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished !

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

Vols. A most royal one ; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the

entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir ; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'T is I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop : then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—The same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'S
House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is
here! I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well;
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the
door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such
companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 Serv. What, will you not?
Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he
has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where is that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows!—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher.

Hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou?
thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus, not yet thou knowest me, and seeing me,

Thou dost not think me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't. Though thy tackle's
torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name
remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest,
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whooped out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life ; for if
I had feared death, of all the men i' the world
I'd have avoided thee ; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
 mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight

And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
Against my cankered country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-
tunes

Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice ;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say ' 'T is true,' I 'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, whereagainst
My grainéd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarred the moon with splinters! Here I
clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married: never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me :
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy

Marcus,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come ; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor.

You bless me, gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission ; and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
ways ;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them, in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come, go in :
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet Marcius, that was much. Your hand : most
welcome !

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking as it were,—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is ; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals.

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say 'thwack our general' ?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, 'thwack our general' ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to

say the truth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't! he will do 't: for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward ?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear
him ;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well ; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.—Is this
Menenius ?

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he ; O, he is grown most
kind

Of late.—Hail, sir !

Bru. Hail, sir !

Men. Hail to you both !

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much missed
But with his friends : the commonwealth doth
stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well ; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you ?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing : his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both !

Sic. God den, our neighbours.

Bru. God den to you all, god den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive !

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wished Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you !

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time Than when these fellows ran about the streets Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshelled when Marcius stood for
Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius ?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipped.—It cannot
be

The Volsces dare break with us.

Men.

Cannot be !

We have record that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic.

Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

Bru.

Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic.

'T is this slave.

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his rais-
ing ;—

Nothing but his report.

Mess.

Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :

He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate ;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work.

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;

To see your wives dishonoured to your noses ;—

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burnéd in their cément ;
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, what news ?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your
news ?—

If Marcius should be joined with Volscians, —

Com. If !

He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,

You, and your apron-men ; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

Com. He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules

Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work.

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,
Are mocked for men of valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him ?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they
Should say, ' Be good to Rome,' they charged him
even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein showed like enemies.

Men. 'T is true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, ' Beseech you, cease.'—You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts ; you have crafted fair.

Com.

You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri.

Say not, we brought it.

Men. How ! Was it we ? We loved him ; but,
like beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com.

But, I fear,

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men.

Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip : as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter ;

If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us. That we did, we did for the
best; and though we willingly consented to his
banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall 's to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-
mayed:

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong,
when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—'Would, half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie !

Sic.

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—A Camp, at a small distance from
Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him,
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darkened in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him ; yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—

I mean, for your particular,—you had not
Joined in commission with him ; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well : and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators and patricians love him too :
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not

Carry his honours even : whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controlled the war ; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him feared ;
So, hated ; and so, banished ; but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time ;
And power unto itself most commendable
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou 'rt poor'st of all ; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and others.

Men. No, I'll not go ; you hear what he hath
said,

Which was sometime his general ; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He called me father :
But what o' that ? Go, you that banished him ;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coyed
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name,
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to, forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name 'o the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :

A pair of tribunes that have wracked fair Rome,
To make coals cheap ; a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected : he replied,
It was a rare petition of a state
To one whom they had punished.

Men. Very well : could he say less ?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For 's private friends : his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two !
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse your
aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men.

No ; I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Brut. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is returned,
Unheard;—but as a discontented friend
Griefshot with his unkindness.—
Say it be so; what then?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me.
He was not taken well: he had not dined:
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him.
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneeled before him ;
'T was very faintly he said, " Rise ; " dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand : what he would do,
He sent in writing after me, what he would not ;
Bound with an oath to hold to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain,
Unless in 's noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome.

The Guards at their stations.

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay ! whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 't is well ; but, by your
leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass ; you must return : our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire,
before

You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touched your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover ; I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply amplified ;
For I have ever magnified my friends—
Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamped the leasing : therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to

front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived, therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation, you shall perceive that a Jack-guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in

spectatorship, and crueller in suffering : behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee ; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! ' Away ! '

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others : though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone :
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved
thee,

Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a paper.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome ; yet thou behold'st !

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power.

You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back ?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to
swoond ?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your
general : for such things as you, I can scarce think
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will
to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let
your general do his worst. For you, be that you
are, long ; and your misery increase with your age.
I say to you, as I was said to, 'Away !' [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general : he is the
rock ; the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how
plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected ; stopped your ears against
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father ;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him ; for whose old love I have—
Though I show'd sourly to him—once more offered
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded to : fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to.—[*Shout within*] Ha! what shout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading Young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honoured mould

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am
not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, 'Deny not.'—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say
For that, ‘ Forgive our Romans.’—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgined it e’er since.—You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i’ the earth ;
[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blessed !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace ;

Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before :
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O ! no more, no more !

You have said you will not grant us anything :
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your re-
quest ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound ? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win ; for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—

Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name
Living to time.

Boy. 'A shall not tread on me :
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn
us

As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscies
May say, 'This mercy we have showed ;' the
Romans,

'This we received ;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be blessed
For making up this peace !' Thou know'st, great
son,

The end of war's uncertain : but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogged with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ :—‘The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroyed his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorred.’ Speak to me, son !
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o’ the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think’st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There’s no man in the
world
More bound to’s mother ; yet here he lets me
prate,
Like one i’ the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy
life
Showed thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck’d thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request’s unjust,
And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,

Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
This is the last :—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold 's.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch :
I am hushed until our city be a-fire,
And then I 'll speak a little.

[*After holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, in silence.*

Cor.

O mother, mother !

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene .
They laugh at. O, my mother, mother ! O,
You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,

If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my
part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray
you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou 'st set thy mercy
and thy honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*]

Cor. [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*] Ay, by-
and-by ;

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-sealed.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond
cornerstone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are
sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight-year-old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he

walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.

The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevailed,

The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone.

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurked, that you make doubt
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark
you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten
all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full. You have prayed well to-day :

This morning for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings ;
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,

And help the joy. [Going.

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-
cians, and People. They pass over the stage.*

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome !

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before
them :

Unshout the noise that banished Marcius ;

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;

Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper ; having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath entered, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Despatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' faction.

Most welcome !

1 *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wished us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell :

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst
"Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawned
Mine honour for his truth : who being so heightened,
He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banished for 't, he came unto my hearth ;
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; served his design-
ments

In mine own person ; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,

I seemed his follower, not partner ; and
He waged me with his countenance as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord,—
The army marvelled at it ; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretched upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you entered like a
post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people

With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more :

Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines ; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours ; a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans ; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor in the high 'st degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now !—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Council o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha !

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. ' Boy ' ! O slave—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave
 lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impressed upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—' Boy ' ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—‘ Boy ’ !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
’Fore your own eyes and ears ?

All the Conspirators. Let him die for ’t.

Citizens. Tear him to pieces : do it presently.
He killed my son ;—my daughter ;—he killed my
cousin Marcus ;—he killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho !—no outrage :—peace !
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o’ the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O ! that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls : AUFIDIUS stands
on his body.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus ;—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet.—

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this
rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ;
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,

Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIO-*
 LANUS. A dead march sounded.]

THE WINTER'S TALE.

WITH

PANDOSTO; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

INTRODUCTION.

ROBERT GREENE published in 1588 a novel called "Pandosto ; or, the Triumph of Time." It has been said that it was founded on a story of the treatment of his wife by a Duke Masovius Zemovitus, of which there is an account by Tcharikovski, Archbishop of Gnesen, in the second volume of Sommersberg's "*Rerum Silesiarum Scriptores*." It has been suggested also that some Latin version of that story may have been seen by Lope de Vega as well as by Robert Greene, and that thus points of resemblance between Greene's "Pandosto" and Lope de Vega's "*El Marmol de Felisardo*" may have arisen. However that may be, Shakespeare's "*Winter's Tale*" was founded only upon Greene's novel of "Pandosto," which (after Greene's death in 1592) was reprinted in 1607 and 1609, both years being probably before that in which Shakespeare wrote the play. The popularity of Greene's story continued to the end of the seventeenth century. It was again reprinted in 1614, translated into French in 1615, again reprinted in English in 1619, and in 1629, and in 1632, and in 1636. Then it appeared as "*The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*" in seven more editions before the end of the century, and yet again at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, in 1703, making the sixteenth edition ; and it was again printed as a chap-book in 1735. No other novel of Greene's remained so long in demand, or has been so frequently reprinted. Next in popularity was the next novel written by Greene in euphuistic style, "*Ciceronis Amor : Tullies Love*," first published in 1589,

which went through nine editions, the last being in 1639. The demand for it then came to an end, and it was never again printed for the public at large, because it had been read rather for its euphuism than for any story in it. "Pandosto" alone lived on by virtue of a story which was good enough to have caught Shakespeare's fancy, and which acquired, of course, for some readers a new interest from that fact.

"Pandosto" was first published nine years after Lyly's "Euphues," and abounded in ingenious speeches and antithetical conflicts of love passion, daintily worked out in the true euphuistic fashion. As Shakespeare made no use of these, and they grow to the story like the barnacles on a ship's bottom that delay its course, I have removed them (leaving note always of the places where they stuck), and have thereby obtained space enough to give, without other abridgment, the whole tale on which Shakespeare's play is founded, in the same book with the play itself, for readiest comparison.

Shakespeare's play of the "Winter's Tale" was first printed in the folio of 1623. Dr. Simon-Forman records in his diary, of which the MS. is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, that he saw the "Winter's Tale" acted at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday, the 15th of May, 1611. "Observe there how Leontes, King of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him, and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember also how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c., and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried to Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the King of Bohemia's son married that

wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes ; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember also the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipci, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had ; and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the King of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows." Remember, we may add, how this was an impression taken from the play as acted by Shakespeare's company in Shakespeare's time, and how Autolycus hit the vein of the day that delighted in small books upon the ingenuities of cozeners and cony-catchers.

In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, under date the 19th of August, 1623, Edmond Malone found this entry : " For the King's Players. An old play called ' Winter's Tale,' formerly allowed of by Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemmings his word that there was nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing : and therefore I returned it without a fee this 19th of August, 1623." Sir George Buck, who is referred to as the first licenser, was appointed to his office in October, 1610. Although it has been argued by Chalmers that Sir George Buck obtained in 1603 a grant of the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, and himself licensed many plays before 1610, there is ground for a strong opinion, though not for absolute belief, that the play was a new play when Dr. Simon Forman saw it at the Globe in May, 1611.

If we look now to Shakespeare's variations from

Greene's novel, we find that the great change made is in the restoration to Leontes of his queen, together with his daughter. In Greene's novel both the queen and her son die after the decision of the oracle has, to the satisfaction of Pandosto, proved the queen's innocence. To change a real into a supposed death, required invention of means of concealment, and this requirement was met by the creation of the character of Paulina. In the exposure of the new-born infant, Shakespeare avoided the sheer impossibility of the survival of an infant, drenched and tossed alone in a boat on the sea without food or nursing, until it has been cast ashore in a storm upon a distant coast. It is the coast of Sicily in Greene. Shakespeare, transposing the homes of the two royal friends, places Leontes in Sicily, not in Bohemia. Bohemia had belonged to Austria since 1526, and it was easy to confound in romance its inland mountains with the mountain districts of Illyria, which were also Austrian. Greene could in the telling slip over an impossible survival of a new-born infant after a few weeks of total starvation and exposure to storm and salt water by night and day, even after it had been finally rolled up as a waif upon a stormy shore; but it would not bear the realisation that is of the essence of a play. Shakespeare gives, therefore, a husband to Paulina, Antigonus, who is of gentle heart, though he obeys the evil bidding of the king, and the infant is committed to the waves, surrounded by the tenderest care until the hour of its exposure upon a coast not found by chance, but chosen at the bidding of a dream. This done, the poet gets rid of the men who are no longer wanted in the story, and who would be in its way if they lived and returned to Sicily. He gives emphasis at the same time to the peril of the child by destroying the ship and its crew in a storm at sea, and giving Antigonus to a wild beast on land, "so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were

even then lost when it was found." In the following scenes dramatic life could not have been put into the telling of the tale without addition of the shepherd's son. His wife, who is in Greene's tale, could not have been used for the purposes served by Shakespeare's invention of the clownish son and of the rogue Autolycus. Greene uses the shepherd's wife as means for bringing about the solution of the plot, and has the shepherd carried off by force upon the ship of the offended king. Shakespeare removes several improbabilities, and gets rid of incidents that mar the grace of the tale, including Pandosto's animal love for his unrecognised daughter. His changes in the manner of bringing about the solution of the plot, as far as concerns Florizel and Perdita, are mainly produced by his invention of Autolycus, the merry rogue—a cashiered courtier—who sings his songs at the sheep-shearing, fleeces the rustics, and half in hope to recover favour with the prince, sends the witnesses who can untie the knot of the tale on board the prince's ship to Sicily. It is enough then to suggest playfully that Florizel and Perdita were too full of their own affairs to ask many questions of other people, and that they were sea-sick as well as love-sick. The reader who follows attentively Shakespeare's use of Autolycus as a means of putting dramatic life into the solution of the plot without spoiling the pastoral grace and playfulness of that part of the story, will see that but for his trick in sending the bearers of the fardel to the Prince's ship instead of to the King. Perdito must have been identified before the persons of the story were about Leontes in the close.

Garrick cut the play down into three acts of the "Winter's Tale ; or, Florizel and Perdita," in 1756, with many alterations and additions of his own. In that form it was revived from time to time till the end of the century. In 1802 Shakespeare's play was revived at Drury Lane by John Kemble, with only a partial use of

Garrick's work upon it. In 1837 Macready opened his management of Covent Garden with the "Winter's Tale," for he liked the part of Leontes, which he had played. In November, 1845, the play was produced at Sadler's Wells by Samuel Phelps, for whose benefit it had been acted at Drury Lane on the 30th of May, 1843, by probably the best body of actors that ever joined together in its representation. In April, 1856, the "Winter's Tale" was produced in the course of Mr. Charles Kean's management of the Princess's Theatre, with all that false emphasis of archæological spectacle for which his management was famous. In that play Miss Ellen Terry, then a child, took the child's part of Mamillius. The "Winter's Tale" was acted at Drury Lane in 1878, again by the Meiningen Company during its visit to London in 1881, and again at the Lyceum in 1887.

Shakespeare's treatment of the story suggested rightly the last lines of a ballad-monger's version of it, printed in 1664: "By this we see that nothing can prevent the powers divine." In the midst of the play we hear the voice of Apollo. The lapse of years in the story shows what Greene's second title described as "the Triumph of Time," by the divine guidance that turns all to good, however man may err. The error that here breaks the harmony of life, Shakespeare interprets not as crime, but as an outbreak of insanity. The jealousy of Leontes is painted throughout as an insane delusion. It is a form of delusion very common. When the mind becomes touched with insanity, delusions run along the line of any old deep feeling, are about religion or are about love, and sexual. A good man so afflicted, and all the more if his love to his wife has been strong and his marriage happy, may suddenly, in such disorder of the brain, be possessed with insane delusions of a sexual kind that touch his wife, and spread to friends whom in his time of health he has most trusted. It is hard for any man to

have lived long in a wide circle of kinsmen, friends, and acquaintance, and never to have seen Leontes. Beyond the bounds of one insane delusion, his mind is healthy enough for the daily work of life; though the disease, curable only at an early stage, may spread till other powers of thought are perverted. In Leontes Shakespeare paints so faithfully this form of madness that he, too, may perhaps have seen it. Love for a child born in the years of health, though pestered with crazy doubts, is not involved in the sexual delusions that create insane aversion to the wife. The mad certainty, based on no reason, impatient of contradiction, conjuring up insane suspicions; the restless troubled mind, the sleeplessness that makes all worse, are in Leontes; and Shakespeare shows this outbreak of disease of mind to be acute and sudden. When of old standing, it is not curable; if recent, cure is possible: and a sudden shock to the mind, in which the weight of the stroke falls straight on the growing delusion, may destroy it for a time. It may depend then upon after-treatment whether it will spring up again. Shakespeare follows nature when he destroys the delusion of Leontes by a great shock to his mind. In Greene's story Pandosto at once believes the oracle that clears his wife. In the "Winter's Tale" the madness of Leontes makes him sweep aside the answer of Apollo, as he swept aside the warnings and the pleadings of his friends; but then comes the confirming stroke of his boy's death, the boy to whom his heart was bound: and his wife's death, as it seems, immediately follows. Then the delusion breaks. It might return; most probably it would, if Hermione were now restored to him. But in the after-treatment of the case Paulina is his good physician, keeping his mind fixed on his wife's worth, and checking every disposition to stray from a full sense of it, through fifteen years of watchfulness, while the queen waits fulfilment of the implied promise of the oracle. The end is, for Leontes

and Hermione, unclouded evening of a troubled day; and from the mad act of the exposure of the child, the merciful gods have shaped for them a happy issue. In our worst troubles, in the mad confusions of life, we may possess our souls in patience, and be sure that God is good to them that wait for Him. So Shakespeare interprets for us "the Triumph of Time."

It is from this point of view that Shakespeare gives to Hermione a quiet tenderness and a great patience. When the play opens, we have the old love shown in the first scene of Leontes with his wife and friend, and the first crack across it by the sudden outbreak of insanity, which had not yet disclosed itself, although it may have been at work within. Hermione speaks freely her love to Leontes—

"Good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord."

When she is persuading Polixenes to stay, her speech to her husband's friend has her own love for her husband involved in it. When he and her husband were boys,

"Was not my lord the verier wag of the two?"

There is sense here of a Leontes cheerful in his day of health, and to Hermione as yet no sign that health is gone. Leontes was not conceived by Shakespeare as a moody tyrant. When the madness comes, Shakespeare takes pains to show that, outside the bounds of his delusion, he is no tyrant. In our boyhood, says Polixenes of himself and his friend—

"We knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dreamed
That any did."

But the sick dream of Hermione's ill-doing now fills the mind of Leontes; the last words of breaking health are in

the recalling of the hour in which she first opened her white hand and clapped herself his love—

“Then didst thou utter,
‘I am yours for ever.’”

Hermione. It is grace, indeed !
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice :
The one, for ever, earned a royal husband ;
The other, for some while, a friend.”

Doubt of the “for ever” was in the reminding of the promise, for here the paroxysm of insanity begins ; but certainty of the “for ever” is assured by course of time. Shakespeare not only represents a truth of life in the mingling of love for the child with sudden outbreak of a mad aversion for the mother (“I have *tremor cordis* on me ; my heart dances”), but he has dramatic purpose in strong indication, both in this and in another scene, of the great affection of Leontes for the child, that we may know the force of the shock to him when tidings of the boy’s death follow straight on his repudiation of the oracle. The mother, too, in urging the prolonged stay of Polixenes, admits that if love to his child draws him away he is bound to go.

There is wild madness in the outbreak against Camillo’s pleading to Leontes to “be cured of this diseased opinion, and betimes ; for ’tis most dangerous.”—“Say it be ; ’tis true.”—“No, no, my lord.”—“It is ; you lie, you lie ; I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.” All that follows is the reasoning of the insane. And it is now first that Polixenes observes the changed countenance of his friend. He had come to Sicily by cordial invitation ; had been feasted royally ; the old cheerful tone of his healthy life is in the opening dialogue of the play ; but the coming crack within the mind is lightly indicated by brevity of speech in Leontes. But the first signs of disordered intellect are seen first by Hermione and Polixenes, when they are seen first by the spectator of the play.

There is exquisite suggestion of the gentle wife within a day or two of second motherhood in the scene of Hermione and her women at the opening of the Second Act, which closes with loving attention to the child's tale in her ear. "A sad Tale's best for Winter," says the child, as, with the entrance of Leontes, the sad tale begins, of which its own death, by stricken love, will be a part. With gentle affection Hermione meets the gross suggestions of the husband whom she loves—

"There's some ill planet reigns ;
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ;"

and thenceforth all is patience to the end, with love ever abiding. Love, patience, purity, and faith in the powers above, shine through all words and acts of the afflicted queen. She embodies a main part of the conception of the play. In her answer to the charges made in open court, she speaks calm truth, beginning, as in Greene's tale, with the trust in powers above, and ending with appeal to Heaven—

"I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge."

Then follows the long patience of years, while Paulina watches the mind of Leontes and retains it true to its old love, until fulfilment of the oracle and fulness of the time for which, in settled faith, Hermione is waiting. The grace of her unswerving tenderness and patience, is suggested when Leontes sees in Hermione her natural posture, and adds—

"Or, rather thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace."

H. M.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*

CAMILLO, }
ANTIGONUS, } *Lords of Sicilia.*
CLEOMENES, }
DION, }

ROGERO, a Gentleman of Sicilia.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

An Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, the Chorus.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen.

MOPSA, }
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE—Sometimes in SICILIA, sometimes in BOHEMIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Ante-chamber in the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said,

great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves : for, indeed—

Cam. 'Beseech you—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally

attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together though absent, shook hands as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh : they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Sicilia. A Room of State in the
Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home to make us say,
'This is put forth too truly !' Besides, I have
stayed
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay,

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ; and
in that,

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the
world

So soon as yours, could win me ; so it should now
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward ; which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me, my stay,
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly : tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaimed. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[*To POLIXENES.*] Yet of your royal presence I'll
adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefixed for's parting : yet, good deed, Lecntes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol.

No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol.

I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, ' Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go : a lady's ' verily ' is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you ?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread 'verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
To be your prisoner should import offending ;
'This is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were
boys ;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the
two ?

Pol. We were as twinned lambs that did frisk
i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other : what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered
heaven

Boldly, 'not guilty,' the imposition cleared,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripped since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl :
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils : yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do, we 'll answer
If you first sinned with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What, have I twice said well ? when was 't
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make 's

As fat as tame things : one good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages : you may ride 's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :—

My last good deed was to entreat his stay ;

What was my first ? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you : O, 'would her name were Grace !

But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ?

Nay, let me have 't ; I long.

Leon.

Why, that was when

Three crabbéd months had soured themselves to
death

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand

And clap thyself my love : then didst thou utter,

'I am yours for ever.'

Her.

'T is Grace, indeed.—

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice :

The one for ever earned a royal husband,

The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leon. [Aside.]

Too hot, too hot !

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances,

But not for joy, not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent : 't may, I grant ;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practised smiles
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam.

Ay, my good lord,

Leon.

I' fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?—

They say, it is a copy out of mine : Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf,
Art thou my calf ?

Mam.

Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me :—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say anything : but were they false

As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wished by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain,
Most dear'st, my collop,—Can thy dam ?—may 't
be ?—

Affection, thy intention stabs the centre :
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams ;—how can this be ?—
With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 't is very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou
dost,—

And that beyond commission ; and I find it ;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord !

What cheer ? how is 't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you moved, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreeched,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ? why, happy man be's dole !—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden : shall 's attend you
there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be
found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling
now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him ;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband !

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.

Gone already ;

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked
one !—

Go play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There
have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is (even at this present,

Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence,
And his pond fished by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there 's comfort
in 't

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
opened

As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is
none :

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south ; be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly ; know 't ;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort —

What ! Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou 'rt an honest
man.—

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold :

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?—

They 're here with me already ; whispering, rounding,

'Sicilia is a—so forth.' 'T is far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo, That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't : good should be pertinent ;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine ?

For thy conceit is soaking ; will draw in

More than the common blocks : not noted, is 't,

But of the finer natures ? by some severals

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,

Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon.

Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't,—thou art not honest; or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage ; if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt : you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess—
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor thought,—then say
My wife's a hobbyhorse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to

Before her troth-plight ; say 't, and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs
only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these
nothings

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes ;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be ; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is ; you lie, you lie .

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporiser, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both ; were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia : who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have benched, and reared to worship ; who may'st
see,

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galléd,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord !

I could do this, and that with no rash potion,

But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.—
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot !
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep ; which, being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,—
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,—
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine—
Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir :
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't ;
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam.

My lord,

Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon.

This is all :

Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam.

I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised
me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master ; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourished after, I 'd not do 't ; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not?—Do not? Do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'T is thereabouts;
For to yourself what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with't

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge

Thereof to be informed, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well ?
I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me ; how far off, how near ;

Which way to be prevented, if to be :
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you ;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my
counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly followed as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry 'lost,' and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touched his
queer
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunned,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not ; but, I am sure, 't is safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawned, away to-night !
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have uttered truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonoured by a man which ever
Professed to him, why, his revenge must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo :
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir : away !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. Within the Palace of Leontes.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord :
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me
as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.—Pray
now,

What colour are your eyebrows ?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 *Lady.*

Hark ye.

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days : and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 *Lady.*

She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,
sir ; now

I am for you again : pray you, sit by us
And tell's a tale.

Mam.

Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam.

A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her.

Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down : come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her.

Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard.—I will tell it
softly ;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them :
never

Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion !—
Alack, for lesser knowledge ! How accursed
In being so blest !—There may be in the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected ; but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his eye make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander !—
There is a plot against my life, my crown :
All 's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him.

He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevailed than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy. [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad
you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come
about her.

Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she's big with, for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well : be but about
To say, 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'T is pity she's not honest, honourable :

Praise her but for this her without-door form—
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech—and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said, 'she's goodly,' come between,
Ere you can say, 'she's honest.' But be't known
From him that has most cause to grieve it should
be,

She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenished villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees.
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said
She's an adult'ress ; I have said with whom :
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No : if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison !
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities ; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me : and so
The king's will be performed.

Leon. Shall I be heard ?

Her. Who is 't, that goes with me ?—Beseech
your highness

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;
There is no cause : when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out : this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
I never wished to see you sorry ; now,
I trust I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding : hence !

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice

Prove violence, in the which three great ones
suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces !

1 Lord.

Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damned for't ; would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flawed,—
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine
honour,

I'll geld them all ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations ; they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon.

Cease ! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty :
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What? lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my
lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forcible instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you—or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill—cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

Leon.

How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity—
Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,
They lacked sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed—doth push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild—I have despatched in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuffed sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us :

We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a
Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady !
[Exit an Attendant.]

No court in Europe is too good for thee !
What dost thou then in prison ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not ?

Gaoler. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaoler. I may not, madam : to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors !—Is 't lawful,
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?
Emilia ?

Gaoler. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Gaoler. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater—
She is, something before her time, delivered.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in 't, says, ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul.

I dare be sworn :—

These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew
them !

He must be told on 't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I 'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouthed let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-looking anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil.

Most worthy madam,

Your honour, and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
ship

To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammered of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul.

Tell her, Emilia,

I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil.

Now, be you blest for it !

I'll to the queen.—Please you, come something
nearer.

Gaoler. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul.

You need not fear it, sir :

The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised ; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaoler. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest. It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She, the adult'ress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she,
I can hook to me :—say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there ?

1 Atten.

My lord

Leon. How does the boy ?

1 Atten.

He took good rest to-night ;

'T is hoped, his sickness is discharged.

Leon.

To see his nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply,
Fastened and fixed the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished.—Leave me solely :—

go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Attendant.*]—Fie, fie ! no
thought of him :

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance ;—let him be,
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me.

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,

About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about
me:

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,—
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour—trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say,
good queen ;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a
daughter :

Here 't is ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad : which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Traitors !

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—

[*To ANTIGONUS.*] Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tired, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard :
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

Paul.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forcéd baseness
Which he has put upon't !

Leon.

He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did : then't were past all
doubt

You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul.

Nor I ; nor any,

But one that's here, and that's himself ; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will
not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon.

A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband

And now baits me !—This brat is none of mine :
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul.

It is yours ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his
smiles ;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leon.

A gross hag !—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burned.

Paul. I care not :
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you
tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something
savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 't is yours : Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit !—What needs these
hands ?—

You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so :—farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.—

My child ? away with 't !—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire :
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight.

Within this hour bring me word 't is done—
And by good testimony—or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 Lord. We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better
credit.

We have always truly served you, and beseech

So to esteem of us ; and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come, that you do change this purpose ;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :—
It shall not neither.—[*To ANTIGONUS.*] You, sir,
come you hither ;

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent ; anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it, seest thou, for the
fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses ! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require !—And
blessing

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss !

[*Exit with the Child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 't is good speed, foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords :
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicily. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits—
Methinks, I so should term them—and the
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business, when the oracle—
Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up—
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh
horses ;—
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions—to our great grief we pronounce—

Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

*Enter HERMIONE, guarded ; PAULINA and
Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. 'Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, 'Not guilty ;' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus :—if powers divine
Behold our human actions—as they do—
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
—Who least will seem to do so—my past life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And played to take spectators ; for behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would spare : for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine ;
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained, to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry ' Fie ! ' upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;

Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her.

More than mistress of,

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes—

With whom I am accused—I do confess,

I loved him as in honour he required,

With such a kind of love as might become

A lady like me ; with a love, even such,

So and no other, as yourself commanded :

Which not to have done, I think, had been in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude

To you, and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,

I know not how it tastes ; though it be dished

For me to try how : all I know of it

Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;

And why he left your court the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not :

My life stands in the level of your dreams,

Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams :
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it.—As you were past all
shame,

—Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
The bug which you would fright me with I seek,
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starred most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet : with immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion : lastly, hurried

Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—no life,
I prize it not a straw ; but for mine honour
Which I would free, if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord*. This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt several Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father :
O ! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have

Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought

This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [Reads.] 'Hermione is chaste; Polixenes
blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a
jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten:
and the king shall live without an heir, if that
which is lost be not found!'

Lords. Now, blesséd be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon.

How ! gone ?

Serv.

Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]

How now there !

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look
down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon.

Take her hence :

Her heart is but o'ercharged ; she will recover.—

I have too much believed mine own suspicion :—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes ; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,
And filled with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasped my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour :—how he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while ;
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for
me ?

What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? boiling,
In leads, or oils ? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine—O ! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed,—stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful ; nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little,—though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't :
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts—
Thoughts high for one so tender—cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemished his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last,—O lords !
When I have said, cry 'Woe !'—the queen, the
queen,
The sweet'st dear'st creature's dead ; and ven-
geance for 't
Not dropped down yet.

1 *Lord.*

The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear 't : if word
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir ; therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on ;
Thou canst not speak too much : I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more :
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't :
All faults I make, when I shall come to know
 them,
I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touched
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
 past help,
Should be past grief : do not receive affliction
At my petition ; I beseech you rather,
Let me be punished, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get
aboard ;
Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land : 't is like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe :—
I have heard—but not believed—the spirits o' the
dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming : in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bowed before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : ' Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't : for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more : '—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys ;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffered death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well !

[Laying down the Babe.]

There lie ; and there thy character : there these,
[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor
wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewell !—
The day frowns more and more :—thou art like to
have

A lullaby too rough :—I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage cla-
mour,—

Well may I get aboard !—this is the chase :—
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an Old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep
out the rest ; for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the
ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now !—
Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen and
two-and-twenty hunt this weather ? They have

scared away two of my best sheep ; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master : if anywhere I have them, 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will !—What have we here ? [*Taking up the Babe.*] Mercy on 's, a barn ; a very pretty barn ! A boy, or a child, I wonder ? A pretty one ; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape : though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work : they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity ; yet I'll tarry till my son come : he hollaed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa !

Clo. [*Without.*] Hilloa, loa !

Shep. What ! art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ail'st thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky : betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how

it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em ; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service :—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship :—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it ;—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy ! when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-dined on the gentleman : he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her : there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself. Thou mettest

with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee ! Look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child ! Look thee here :—take up, take up, boy ; open 't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies : this is some changeling.—Open 't :—what's within, boy ?

Clo. You're a made old man : if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so : up with 't, keep it close ; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings : I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all ; both joy
and terror

Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass,
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering ;—what of her ensues,
I list not prophecy, but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth ;—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now :
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of
POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate ; 't is a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me ; to whose

feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which if I have not enough considered,—as too much I cannot,—to be more thankful to thee shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me un-

known; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more that can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.--The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh ! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time,
wore three pile ; but now I am out of service :

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?

The pale moon shines by night ;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus ; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway ; beating and hanging are terrors to me : for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see :—every 'leven wether tods ; every tod yields pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to ?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters.—Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? 'Three pound of sugar ; five pound of currants ; rice,'—what will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers ; three-

man songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases : but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies ; mace ; dates,—none ; that's out of my note : ' nutmegs, seven : a race or two of ginger ; ' but that I may beg :—' four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.'

Aut. O, that ever I was born !

[Grovellying on the ground.]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death !

Clo. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman ?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the

garments he hath left with thee : if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand. *[Helping him up.]*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O !

Clo. Alas, poor soul !

Aut. O, good sir ; softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now ? canst stand ?

Aut. Softly, dear sir *[picks his pocket]*, good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir : no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going : I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you ! that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue

whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! Prig, for my life ; prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he : that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia : if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was : I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir ! [*Exit Clown.*] — Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be enrolled and my name put in the book of virtue !

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile a ;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of
you

Do give a life ; no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per.

Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me :
O, pardon, that I name them.—Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attiréd ; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause !
To me the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed ; the green Neptune

A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak,—that you must change
this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken
not
The mirth o' the feast : or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's ; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming :
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per.

O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious !

Flo.

See, your guests approach ;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived,
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all ;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POLIXENES.] . Sir, welcome.

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To* CAMILLO.]

You're welcome, sir.—

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess—

A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,

There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of noble race : this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather ; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon !—daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,

Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers.

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose

To put you to 't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever

Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.—

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,
garlic,

To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word : we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [Music.]

[Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.]

Pol. Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain
is this,

Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding ; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it :
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my
daughter :

I think so too ; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes ; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything, though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master ! if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move
you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll
tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better ; he shall
come in. I love a ballad but even too well ; if it
be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very
pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of 'dildos' and 'fadings,' 'jump her and thump her ;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man ;' puts him off, slights him with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow ; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross ; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns : why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces, and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel ;
What maids lack, from head to heel ;
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come, buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you :

may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true ; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : and let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too : another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man.'

'There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it ;
't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it : If thou'lt bear a
part, thou shalt hear ; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part ; you must know, 't is
my occupation : have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whither ?*

Mop. *O ! whither ?*

Dor. *Whither ?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too : let me go thither.*

Mop. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill.*

Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What, neither ?*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be.*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

Then, whither go'st ? say, whither ?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves.

My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. [*Aside.*] And you shall pay well for 'em.

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind,—if it be not too rough for some

that know little but bowling—it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

[*To Camillo.*] Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks : I would have ran-
sacked

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are.

The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved : I take thy hand ; this
hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out.—

But, to your protestation : let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and
all ;

That, were I crowned, the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and know-
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love : for her employ them all,
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offered.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands ; a bargain :—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness
to 't :

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on ;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you.
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have ; but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more,

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums ? can he speak ?
hear ?

Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?
Lies he not bed-ridden ? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good, sir :

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason,
The father—all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity—should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son : he shall not need to
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call : thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affects a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Shep.

O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers,
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack—as never
I mean thou shalt—we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than Deucalion off :—mark thou my words ,
Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him, too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per.

Even here undone !

I was not much afeard ; for once, or twice,

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—[*To FLORIZEL.*] Will't please
you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—[*To FLORIZEL.*] O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—[*To PERDITA.*]
O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afeared ; delayed,
But nothing altered. What I was, I am :
More straining on, for plucking back ; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him,—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo ?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus !
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith ; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks :—
From my succession wipe me, father : I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy : if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned, for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you've e'er been my father's honoured friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion : let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver :—I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting. :

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
[*To CAMILLO.*] I'll hear you by-and-by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care,
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And thorough him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,—on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness ; where you may
Enjoy your mistress—from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend, your ruin ;—marry her ;
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo.

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam.

Have you thought on

A place whereto you 'll go ?

Flo.

Not any yet ;

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam.

Then list to me :

This follows:—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,—
For so, I see, she must be,—'fore Leontes :
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping

His welcomes forth ; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness : the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down :

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores, most cer-
tain
To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,

But as you shake off one to take another ;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She 's i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say,
Pity she lacks instructions, for she seems
Mistress to most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir ;
For this I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita !—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do ?

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petti-toes, till he had both tune and words; which so

drew the rest of the herd to me, with all their other senses stuck in ears ; you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless ; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse : I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it ; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come

forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per.

Happy be you !

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [Seeing AUTOLYCUS.] Who have we here ?
We'll make an instrument of this : omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so?

Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discase thee instantly (thou must think, there's a necessity in 't) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside.*] I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.*
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislikén
The truth of your own seeming, that you may—
For I do fear eyes over you—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
Come, lady, come,—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.—

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To

have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot ! what a boot is here with this exchange ! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession. Aside, aside :—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now ! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and

so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her ; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle : I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies !

Shep. Well, let us to the king ; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance :—let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics ? Whither are you bound ?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ? what ? with whom ? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known ? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie : you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie ; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel : therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier, cap-a-pè ; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant : say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir : I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I 'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical : a great man, I 'll warrant ; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there ? what 's i' the fardel ? Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace : he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself : for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir ; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly : the curses he shall have, the tortures he

shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheepcote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitory rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell

me—for you seem to be honest plain men—what you have to the king? being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember; stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir? but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know,

't is none of your daughter, nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say ; even blessed.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me : she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ? which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them ; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of
LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,
and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have
performed

A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeemed ; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself ; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,

To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would be unparalleled.

Leon. I think so. Killed !
She I killed ! I did so ; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady :
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name : consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well ?
What holier than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—[To LEONTES.] Care
not for issue ;
The crown will find an heir ; great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel !—then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth

No more such wives : therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corse, and on this stage—
Where we offend her now—appear, soul-vexed,
And begin ' Why to me—? '

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the ghost that walked, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her ; then I 'd shriek, that even your
ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that followed
Should be ' Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife :
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina : so be blessed my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.

Paul. Unless another

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so
young

As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath :
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not

Like to his father's greatness ; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us

'T is not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione !

As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,—‘ She had not been,
Nor was not to be equalled ;’—thus your verse
Flowed with her beauty once : 't is shrewdly
ebbed,

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon ;—
The other, when she has obtained your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow.

Paul. How ! not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;

Yourself, assisted with your honoured friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still 't is
strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords and Gentleman.*]

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul.

Had our prince—

Jewel of children—seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord : there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more : cease : thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talked of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and
others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,

His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo.

By his command

Have I here touched Sicilia ; and from him
Give you all greetings that a king at friend
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something
seized

His wished ability, he had himself
The land and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you, whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon.

O my brother,

Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me ; and these thy offices

So rarely kind're as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage—
At least ungentle—of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo.

Good my lord,

She came from Libya.

Leon.

Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honoured lord, is feared and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaimed his, parting with her, thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon.

The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,

So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's blessed,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from
him :

I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening—in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple—meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and

Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge :
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir : I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father !—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty ; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo.

Dear, look up :

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now ; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate : at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul.

Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in 't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon.

I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—[*To FLORIZEL.*] But
your petition

Is yet unanswered. I will to your father :
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you ; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make : come, good my
lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business ; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration : they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ;

they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero ?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward : he can deliver you more.

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir ?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione ;—her jewel about the neck of it ;—the letters of Antigonus found

with it, which they knew to be his character ;— the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then you have lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such a manner, that it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, “ O thy mother, thy mother ! ” then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wracked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and

that which angled for mine eyes—caught the water, though not the fish—was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't, bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione,

visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter—so he then took her to be—began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to

fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend :—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk : but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee !

Paul.

What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well. All my services

You have paid home ; but that you have vouchsafed
With your crowned brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace which never

My life may last to answer.

Leon.

O Paulina !

We honour you with trouble. But we came

To see the statue of our queen : your gallery

Have we passed through, not without much content

In many singularities, but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon,

The statue of her mother.

Paul.

As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,

Excels whatever yet you looked upon,
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mocked as ever
Still sleep mocked death : behold ; and say, 't is well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers

HERMIONE as a statue.

I like your silence : it the more shows off
Your wonder ; but yet speak :—first you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leon.

Her natural posture !—

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione ; or, rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So agéd, as this seems.

Pol.

O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes
her

As she lived now.

Leon.

As now she might have done,

So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty—warm life,

As now it coldly stands—when first I wooed her.
I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ?—O royal piece !
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience !
The statue is but newly fixed, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Faul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image

Would thus have wrought you—for the stone is
mine—

I'd not have showed it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your
fancy

May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be !

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed, and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mocked with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My lord 's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina !

Make me to think so twenty years together :
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred
you : but

I could afflict you further.

Leon.

Do, Paulina ;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul.

Good my lord, forbear.

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet :
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your cwn
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per.

So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand ; but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon.

What you can make her do,

I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul.

It is required,

You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still ;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon.

Proceed :

No foot shall stir.

Paul.

Music, awake her, strike !—[*Music.*

'T is time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.

[*HERMIONE descends from the pedestal.*

Start not : her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young you wooed her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. [*Embracing her.*] O, she's warm !

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol.

She embraces him.

Cam.

She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol.

Ay ; and make't manifest where she has
lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[PERDITA *kneels to* HERMIONE.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved ? where lived,
how found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all : your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon.

O, peace, Paulina !

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife : this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
mine ;

But how, is to be questioned : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave : I 'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What !—Look upon my brother :—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This' your son-in-law
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered : hastily lead away.

[Exeunt.]

PANDOSTO ;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

BY ROBERT GREENE.

AMONG all the passions wherewith human minds are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restless despite, as the infectious sore of jealousy ; for all other griefs are either to be appeased with sensible persuasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worn out, jealousy only excepted, which is so sauced with suspicious doubts and pinching mistrust, that whoso seeks by friendly counsel to rase out this hellish passion, is forthwith suspected that he giveth this advice to cover his own guiltiness. Yea, whoso is pained with this restless torment doubteth all, distrusteth himself, is always frozen with fear, and fired with suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his misery. Yea, it is such a heavy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing between the married couples such deadly seeds of secret hatred, as love being once rased out by spiteful distrust, there oft ensueth bloody revenge, as this ensuing history manifestly proveth : wherein Pandosto, furiously incensed by causeless jealousy, procured the death of his most loving and loyal wife, and his own endless sorrow and misery.

In the country of Bohemia there reigned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate success in wars against his foes, and bountiful courtesy towards his friends in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a lady called Bellaria, by birth royal, learned by education, fair by nature, by virtues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beauty, fortune, or virtue, won the greatest commendations. These two, linked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content, that their subjects greatly rejoiced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but Fortune, willing to increase their happiness, lent them a son, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the child greatly augmented the love of the parents, and the joys of their commons ; in so

much that the Bohemians, to show their inward joys by outward actions, made bonfires and triumphs throughout all the kingdom, appointing jousts and tourneys for the honour of their young prince; whither resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to show their friendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowess and valour. Pandosto, whose mind was fraught with princely liberality, entertained the kings, princes, and noblemen with such submissive courtesy and magnificent bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratify their good wills, making a feast for subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days; all which time the jousts and tourneys were kept to the great content both of the lords and ladies there present. This solemn triumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria: the young son (who was called Garinter) was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents.

Fortune, envious of such happy success, willing to show some sign of her inconstancy, turned her wheel, and darkened their bright sun of prosperity with the misty clouds of mis-hap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia, to visit his old friend and companion, who, hearing of his arrival, went himself in person, and his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great train of lords and ladies, to meet Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his wife to welcome his old friend and acquaintance; who (to show how she liked him whom her husband loved) entertained him with such familiar courtesy, as Egistus perceived himself to be very well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced each other they mounted again on horseback and rode towards the city, devising and recounting how, being children, they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes; where, by the means of the citizens, Egistus was received with triumphs and shows in such sort, that he marvelled how on so small a warning they could make such preparations.

Passing the streets thus with such rare sights, they rode on to the palace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sicilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheer, so royally, as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the very basest slave that was known to come

from Sicilia was used with such courtesy, that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honoured for his friend's sake. Bellaria, who in her time was the flower of courtesy, willing to show how unfeignedly she loved her husband by his friend's entertainment, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance betrayed how her mind was affected towards him : oftentimes coming herself into his bed-chamber, to see that nothing should be amiss to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them ; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountiful mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a virtuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other ; in so much that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affairs, that he could not be present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walk with him into the garden, where they two in private and pleasant devices would pass away the time to both their contents. This custom still continuing betwixt them, a certain melancholy passion entering the mind of Pandosto drove him into sundry and doubtful thoughts. First he called to mind the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comeliness and bravery of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all laws and therefore to be stayed with no law ; that it was hard to put fire and flax together without burning : that their open pleasures might breed his secret displeasures. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man, and must needs love ; that his wife was a woman, and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force.

These and such like doubtful thoughts a long time smothering in his stomach, began at last to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust which, increased by suspicion, grew at last to be a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that he began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could get any true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures, and suspected their thoughts and meanings, they two seely souls who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each other's company, which drove him into such a frantic passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus, and a lowering countenance to Bellaria, who, marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the moon, and to enter

into a thousand sundry thoughts, which way she should offend her husband : but finding in herself a clear conscience, ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunity to demand the cause of his dumps. In the meantime Pandosto's mind was so far charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong point in his tables, and so had played him false play ; whereupon desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a fair and friendly countenance : and so under the shape of a friend, to show him the trick of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspicion of treacherous murder, he concluded at last to poison him ; which opinion, pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter : promising to him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand crowns of yearly revenues. His cupbearer, either being of a good conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody request, began with great reasons to persuade Pandosto from his determinate mischief ; showing him what an offence murder was to the gods, how such unnatural actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causeless cruelty did seldom or never escape without revenge. He laid before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdom to confirm a league of perpetual amity betwixt them ; that he had, and did show him a most friendly countenance ; how Egistus was not only honoured of his own people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his courtesy. And that if he now should, without any just or manifest cause, poison him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his majesty, and a means to sow perpetual enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but also his own subjects would repine of such treacherous cruelty. These and such like persuasions of Franion (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit prevail to dissuade him from his devilish enterprise : but remaining resolute in his determination, his fury so fired with rage, as it could not be appeased with reason, he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baits—preferment and death : saying that if he would poison Egistus he would advance him to high dignities ; if he refused to do it of an obstinate mind, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to persuade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the stream, consented, as soon as an opportunity would give him leave, to despatch Egistus :

wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending] also, as soon as Egistus was dead, to give his wife a sop of the same sauce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restless sorrow. While thus he lived in this hope, Franion being secret in his chamber, began to meditate with himself in these terms.

[These terms omitted.]

Franion having muttered out these or such like words, seeing either he must die with a clear mind, or live with a spotted conscience, he was so cumbered with divers cogitations that he could take no rest: until at last he determined to break the matter to Egistus; but fearing that the king should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingerin thus in doubtful fear, in an evening he went to Egistus' lodging, and desirous to break with him of certain affairs that touched the king, after all were commanded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracy which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traitor for betraying his master's counsel, but to think that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his master inflamed with rage, or incensed by some sinister reports, or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causeless mischief, yet when time should pacify his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithful servant that with such care had kept his master's credit. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking fear possessed all his limbs, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shadow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to wax in choler, and said that he doubted not Pandosto, since he was his friend, and there had never as yet been any breach of amity; he had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his subjects from their allegiance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should move Pandosto to seek his death, but suspected it to be a compact knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to odds.

Franion staying him the midst of his talk, told him that to dally with princes was with the swans to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischief it might have been better brought to pass than by revealing the conspiracy; therefore his majesty did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, since his intent was to

hinder treason, not to become a traitor; and to confirm his promises, if it pleased his majesty to fly into Sicilia for the safeguard of his life, he would go with him, and if then he found not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined treachery be repaid with most monstrous torments. Egistus, hearing the solemn protestation of Franion, began to consider, that in love and kingdoms neither faith nor law is to be respected; doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy war to invade Sicilia. These and such doubts thoroughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Franion, promising if he might with life return to Syracuse, that he would create him a duke in Sicilia: craving his counsel how he might escape out of the country. Franion, who having some small skill in navigation, was well acquainted with the ports and havens, and knew every danger in the sea, joining in counsel with the master of Egistus' navy, rigged all their ships, and setting them afloat, let them lie at anchor, to be in the more readiness, when time and wind should serve.

Fortune, although blind, yet by chance favouring this just cause, sent them within six days a good gale of wind; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspicion, the night before they should sail, he went to him and promised that the next day he would put the device in practice, for he had got such a forcible poison, as the very smell thereof would procure sudden death. Pandosto was joyful to hear this good news, and thought every hour a day till he might be glutted with bloody revenge; but his suit had but ill success. For Egistus fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the grass should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out of a postern gate of the city so secretly and speedily, that without any suspicion they got to the sea shore; where, with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard. Weighing their anchors and hoisting sail, they passed as fast as wind and sea would permit towards Sicilia: Egistus being a joyful man that he had safely passed such treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the sea, so Pandosto and his citizens were in an uproar; for seeing that the Sicilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some treason, and the king thought that without question his suspicion was true, seeing the cupbearer had betrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection she bare him was the only means of his secret departure; in so much that, incensed with rage, he commanded

that his wife should be carried straight to prison, until they heard further of his pleasure. The guard, unwilling to lay their hands on such a virtuous princess, and yet fearing the king's fury, went very sorrowful to fulfil their charge: coming to the queen's lodging, they found her playing with her young son Garinter: unto whom with tears doing the message, Bellaria astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her clear conscience a sure advocate to plead in her cause, went to the prison most willingly: where with sighs and tears she passed away the time till she might come to her trial.

But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage, and whose unbridled folly was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had betrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be railed on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all his wrath on poor Bellaria. He therefore caused a general proclamation to be made through all his realm, that the queen and Egistus had, by the help of Franion, not only committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the king's death; whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the virtuous disposition of the queen did half discredit the contents, yet the sudden and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them, the circumstances thoroughly considered, to think that both the proclamation was true and the king greatly injured: yet they pitied her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restless rage would remit no pity, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wife's falsehood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his mind should never be glutted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the treachery of Egistus with a total injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short horns, and a willing mind but a weak arm. For Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to war, and that envy always proffereth steel, yet he saw that Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to aid him, if need should serve: for he married the Emperor's daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injury with peace than hunt after revenge, dishonour, and loss; determining since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price.

Remaining thus resolute in his determination, Bellaria

continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touched with such affection, nor that Egistus had ever offered her such discourtesy, would gladly have come to her answer, that both she might have known her just accusers and cleared herself of that guiltless crime.

But Pandosto was so inflamed with rage and infected with jealousy as he would not vouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just excuse ; so that she was fain to make a virtue of her need and with patience to bear those heavy injuries. As thus she lay crossed with calamities, a great cause to increase her grief, she found herself quick with child : which as soon as she felt stir in her body, she burst forth into bitter tears, exclaiming against Fortune in these terms.

[These terms omitted.]

And with that, such gasping sighs so stopping her breath that she could not utter more words, but wringing her hands and gushing forth streams of tears, she passed away the time with bitter complaints. The jailor pitying those her heavy passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with child, he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in all haste, and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was ; who no sooner heard the jailor say she was with child, but as one possessed with a frenzy, he rose up in a rage, swearing that she and the bastard brat she was withal should die, if the gods themselves said no : thinking that surely by computation of time that Egistus and not he was father to the child. This suspicious thought galled afresh this half-healed sore, insomuch as he could take no rest until he might mitigate his choler with a just revenge, which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a fair and beautiful daughter : which no sooner Pandosto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles, hearing of the king's cruel sentence, sought by persuasions to divert him from his bloody determination : laying before his face the innocency of the child, and virtuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loved and honoured him so tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy than to punish with extremity ; and more kingly to be commended of pity than accused of rigour : and as for the child, if he should punish it for the mother's offence, it were to strive against nature and justice ; and that unnatural actions do more offend the gods than men : how causeless cruelty nor innocent blood

never, escapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last, seeing his noblemen were importunate upon him, he was content to spare the child's life, and yet put it to a worse death. For he found out this device, that seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then sent it to the mercies of the seas and the destinies. From this his peers in no wise could persuade him, but that; he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the child: who being come to the prison, and with weeping tears recounting their master's message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her merciless husband, but she fell down in a swoon, so that all thought she had been dead: yet at last being come to herself, she cried and screeched out in this wise.

[Her lament is omitted.]

Such, and so great was her grief, that her vital spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell again down into a trance, having her senses so sotted with care, that after she was revived yet she lost her memory, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very shipmen, seeing the sweet countenance of the young babe, began to accuse the king of rigour, and to pity the child's hard fortune: but fear constrained them to that which their nature did abhor; so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few green boughs made a homely cabin to shroud it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the main sea, and then cut in sunder the cord, which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boat so vehemently in the waves, that the shipmen thought it could not long continue without sinking, yea the storm grew so great, that with much labour and peril they got to the shore.

But leaving the child to her fortunes, again to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge, devised which way he should best increase his wife's calamity. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, he called her for the more reproach into open court, where it was objected against

her that she had committed adultery with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poison Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partly spied, she counselled them to fly away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who, standing like a prisoner at the bar, feeling in herself a clear conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no less than death could pacify her husband's wrath, waxed bold, and desired that she might have law and justice, for mercy she neither craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousy was such no reason nor equity could appease, told her, that for her accusers they were of such credit, as their words were sufficient witness, and that the sudden and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed: and as for her, it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had passed all shame in committing the fault: but her stale countenance should stand for no coin, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruel death be requited. Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, told her husband Pandosto, that he spoke upon choler, and not conscience: for her virtuous life had been ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever stain. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection: therefore if she were condemned without any further proof, it was rigour, and not law.

The noblemen which sat in judgment said that Bellaria spake reason, and entreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined, and sworn, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might find her guilty (for seeing she was a princess she ought to be tried by her peers), then let her have such punishment as the extremity of the law will assign to such malefactors. The king presently made answer, that in this case he might and would dispense with the law, and that the jury being once panelled, they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noblemen seeing the king in choler were all whist, but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the balance, fearing more perpetual infamy than momentary death, told the king, if his fury might stand for a law that it were vain to have the jury yield their verdict; and therefore she fell down upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young son Garinter, whom she brought into the world, that he would grant her a request, which was this, that it

would please his majesty to send six of his noblemen whom he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poison with Franion; and if the god Apollo, who by his divine essence knew all secrets, gave answer that she was guilty, she were content to suffer any torment, were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable, that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unless he would be counted of all his subjects more wilful than wise, he therefore agreed, that with as much speed as might be there should be certain ambassadors dispatched to the isle of Delphos; and in the mean season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

Bellaria having obtained this grant was now more careful for her little babe that floated on the seas than sorrowful for her own mishap. For of that she doubted: of herself she was assured, knowing if Apollo should give oracle according to the thoughts of the heart, yet the sentence should go on her side, such was the clearness of her mind in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspicious head still remained in one song) chose out six of his nobility, whom he knew were scarce indifferent men in the queen's behalf, and providing all things fit for their journey, sent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfil the king's command, and desirous to see the situation and custom of the island, despatched their affairs with as much speed as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soon ended. For within three weeks they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on land, but with great devotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offering sacrifice to the god, and gifts to the priest, as the custom was, they humbly craved an answer of their demand. They had not long kneeled at the altar, but Apollo with a loud voice said: "Bohemians, what you find behind the altar take and depart." They forthwith obeying the oracle, found a scroll of parchment wherein was written these words in letters of gold:

THE ORACLE.

Suspicion is no proof; Jealousy is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egistus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; His babe an innocent, and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.

As soon as they had taken out this scroll the priest of the god commanded them that they should not presume to read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto, unless they would incur the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian lords

carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the priest, with great reverence departed out of the temple, and went to their ships, and as soon as wind would permit them, sailed towards Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived, and with great triumph issuing out of their ships went to the king's palace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other noblemen. Pandosto no sooner saw them, but with a merry countenance he welcomed them home, asking what news. They told his majesty that they had received an answer of the god written in a scroll, but with this charge, that they should not read the contents before they came in the presence of the king, and with that they delivered him the parchment ; but his noblemen entreated him that since therein was contained either the safety of his wife's life and honesty, or her death and perpetual infamy, that he would have his nobles and commons assembled in the judgment hall, where the queen, brought in as a prisoner, should hear the contents ; if she were found guilty by the oracle of the god, then all should have cause to think his rigour proceeded of due desert ; if her grace were found faultless, then she should be cleared before all, since she had been accused openly. This pleased the king so, that he appointed the day, and assembled all his Lords and Commons, and caused the queen to be brought in before the judgment seat, commanding that the indictment should be read, wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus, and of conspiracy with Franion ; Bellaria hearing the contents, was no whit astonished, but made this cheerful answer.

[Cheerful answer omitted.]

Bellaria had no sooner said, but the king commanded that one of his dukes should read the contents of the scroll ; which after the commons had heard, they gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witness against him of his witless fury, and false suspected jealousy, was so ashamed of his rash folly, that he entreated his nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries : promising not only to show himself a loyal and loving husband, but also to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion ; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if the good mind of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young son Garinter was suddenly dead, which news so soon as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreme joy, and now suppressed

with heavy sorrow, her vital spirits were so stopped; that she fell down presently dead, and could never be revived. This sudden sight so appalled the king's senses, that he sank from his seat in a swoon, so as he was fain to be carried by his nobles to his palace, where he lay by the space of three days without speech : his commons were as men in despair, so diversely distressed ; there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia ; their young prince dead, their virtuous queen bereaved of her life, and their king and sovereign in great hazard : this tragical discourse of Fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadows, not men ; yet somewhat to comfort their heavy hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himself, and had recovered his speech, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speeches.

[These bitter speeches omitted.]

And with that he reached at a rapier, to have murdered himself, but his peers being present, stayed him from such a bloody act ; persuading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safety, and that those sheep could not but perish that wanted a shepherd ; wishing that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have care of his subjects, and to put such fancies out of his mind, since in sores past help, salves do not heal, but hurt ; and in things past cure, care is a corrosive. With these and such like persuasions the king was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his mind ; so that as soon as he could go abroad, he caused his wife to be embalmed, and wrapped in lead with her young son Garinter ; erecting a rich and famous sepulchre, wherein he entombed them both, making such solemn obsequies at her funeral as all Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly : causing this epitaph to be engraven on her tomb in letters of gold :

THE EPITAPH.

*Here lies entombed Bellaria fair,
Falsely accused to be unchaste :
Cleared by Apollo's sacred doom,
Yet slain by jealousy at last.
Whate'er thou be that passeth by,
Curse him that caused this Queen to die.*

This epitaph being engraven, Pandosto would once a day repair to the tomb, and there with watery plaints bewail his misfortune ; coveting no other companion but sorrow, nor no other harmony but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to show the tragical discourse of the young infant.

Who being tossed with wind and wave, floated two whole days without succour, ready at every puff to be drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased, and the little boat was driven with the tide into the coast of Sicilia, where, sticking upon the sands, it rested. Fortune, minding to be wanton, willing to show that as she hath wrinkles on her brows, so she hath dimples in her cheeks ; thought after so many sour looks, to lend a feigned smile, and after a puffing storm, to bring a pretty calm ; she began thus to dally. It fortun'd a poor mercenary shepherd, that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other men's flocks, missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert, that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see. fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him, for he was so poor, as a sheep was half his substance, wandered down towards the sea cliffs, to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea ivy, whereon they greatly do feed, but not finding her there, as he was ready to return to his flock, he heard a child cry ; but knowing that there was no house near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spied a little boat, from whence as he attentively listened, he might hear the cry to come. Standing a good while in amazement, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the boat, as he looked in, he saw the little babe lying all alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, richly embroidered with gold, and having a chain about the neck.

The shepherd, who before had never seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, thought assuredly, that it was some little god, and began with great devotion to knock on his breast. The babe, who writhed with the head to seek for the pap, began again to cry afresh, whereby the poor man knew that it was a child, which by some sinister means was driven thither by distress of weather ; marvelling how such a seely infant, which, by the mantle and the chain, could not be but born of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poor shepherd, perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the child, and determined with himself to carry it to the king, that there it might be brought up according to the worthiness of birth : for his ability could not afford to foster it, though his good mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the child in his arms, as he folded the mantle together, the better to defend it from cold, there fell down at his foot a very fair and rich purse, wherein he found a great sum of gold : which sight so revived the shepherd's spirits, as

he was greatly ravished with joy, and daunted with fear; joyful to see such a sum in his power, and fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further danger. Necessity wished him at the least to retain the gold, though he would not keep the child: the simplicity of his conscience scared him from such deceitful bribery. Thus was the poor man perplexed with a doubtful dilemma, until at last the covetousness of the coin overcame him: for what will not the greedy desire of gold cause a man to do? So that he was resolved in himself to foster the child, and with the sum to relieve his want. Resting thus resolute in this point, he left seeking of his sheep, and, as covertly and secretly as he could, went by a by-way to his house, lest any of his neighbours should perceive his carriage. As soon as he was got home, entering in at the door, the child began to cry, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a young babe in his arms, began to be somewhat jealous but at last, when he showed her the purse full of gold, she began to simper something sweetly, and taking her husband about the neck kissed him after her homely fashion: saying that she hoped God had seen their want, and now meant to relieve their poverty, and, seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heir. "Take heed in any case," quoth the shepherd, "that you be secret, and blab it not out when you meet with your gossips; for if you do, we are like not only to lose the gold and jewels, but our other goods and lives." "Tush," quoth his wife, "profit is a good hatch before the door: fear not, I have other things to talk of than of this: but, I pray you, let us lay up the money surely, and the jewels, least by any mishap it be spied."

After that they had set all things in order, the shepherd went to his sheep with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby at home with her young babe, wrapping it in a homely blanket instead of a rich mantle; nourishing it so cleanly and carefully as it began to be a jolly girl, insomuch that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing as it waxed in age, so it increased in beauty. The shepherd, every night at his coming home, would sing and dance it on his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak, and call him dad, and her mam. At last when it grew to ripe years, that it was about seven years old, the shepherd left keeping of other men's sheep, and with the money he found in the purse he bought him the lease of a pretty farm, and got a small flock of sheep, which, when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten years, he set her to keep; and she with such diligence performed her charge as the sheep prospered

marvellously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her father, and Mopsa her mother (for so was the shepherd and his wife called), honoured and obeyed them with such reverence that all the neighbours praised the dutiful obedience of the child. Porrus grew in a short time to be a man of some wealth and credit, for fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter; so that divers rich farmers' sons came as wooers to his house: for Fawnia was something cleanly attired, being of such singular beauty and excellent wit that whosoever saw her would have thought she had been some heavenly nymph, and not a mortal creature: insomuch that when she came to the age of sixteen years, she so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and mind, as her natural disposition did betray that she was born of some high parentage. But the people, thinking she was daughter to the shepherd Porrus, rested only amazed at her beauty and wit; yea, she won such favour and commendations in every man's eye, as her beauty was not only praised in the country, but also spoken of in the court: yet such was her submissive modesty that, although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled herself as became a country maid and the daughter of a poor shepherd. Every day she went forth with her sheep to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence, as all men thought she was very painful: defending her face from the heat of the sun with no other veil but with a garland made of boughs and flowers, which attire became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the goddess Flora herself for beauty.

Fortune, who all this while had showed a friendly face, began now to turn her back, and to show a lowering countenance, intending as she had given Fawnia a slender check, so she would give her a harder mate: * to bring which to pass, she laid her train on this wise. Egistus had but one only son, called Dorastus, about the age of twenty years: a prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature, so fraught with beauty and virtuous qualities, as not only his father joyed to have so good a son, and all his commons rejoiced that God had lent them such a noble prince to succeed in the kingdom. Egistus, placing all his joy in the perfection of his son, seeing that he was now marriageable, sent ambassadors to the King of Denmark to entreat a marriage between him and his daughter, who, willingly consenting, made answer that the next spring, if it please Egistus with his son to come into

* *Check . . . mate*, terms from chess-playing.

Denmark, he doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus, resting satisfied with this friendly answer, thought convenient in the meantime to break with his son: finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he spake to him in fatherly terms.

[Fatherly terms omitted.]

Dorastus, who from his infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the field than to dally with Venus in the chamber, fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverent answer.

[Reverent answer omitted.]

Egistus, hearing his son to fly so far from the mark, began to be somewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this hasty answer.

[Hasty answer ends with—] “I mean, Dorastus, Euphrania, daughter and heir to the King of Denmark.”

Egistus pausing here awhile, looking when his son should make him answer, and seeing that he stood still as one in a trance, he shook him up thus sharply.

[Sharp shaking omitted.]

It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who, having attired herself in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting: there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds used. As the evening grew on and their sports ceased, each taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the flock, to see if they were well folded; and as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and killed store of game) encountered by the way these two maids, and casting his eye suddenly on Fawnia, he was half afraid, fearing that, with Actæon, he had seen Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature. As thus he stood in a maze, one of his pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the fair shepherd whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up; who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpness of wit that Dorastus thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities, wondering how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune, that had shadowed wit

and beauty with such hard fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, beauty, seeing him at discover, thought not to lose the advantage, but struck him so deeply with an envenomed shaft as he wholly lost his liberty and became a slave to love, which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poor shepherd, who before refused the offer of a rich princess; for the perfection of Fawnia had so fired his fancy, as he felt his mind greatly changed, and his affections altered: cursing love, that had wrought such a change; and blaming the baseness of his mind, that would make such a choice. But thinking these were but passionate tones that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the syren that enchanted him he put spurs to his horse, and bade this fair shepherd farewell.

Fawnia, who all this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus, seeing his face so well featured and each limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long, till she found herself faulty, and perceived if she waded but a little further she might slip over her shoes. She therefore, seeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and, feigning herself not well at ease, got her to bed, where, casting a thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest: for if she waked, she began to call to mind his beauty; and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his perfection: pestered thus with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus, who all this while rode with a flea in his ear, could not by any means forget the sweet favour of Fawnia, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty, as he could take no rest. He felt fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind ready to yield as vanquished: yet he began with divers considerations to suppress this frantic affection, calling to mind that Fawnia was a shepherd, one not worthy to be looked at of a prince, much less to be loved of such a potentate; thinking what a discredit it were to himself, and what a grief it would be to his father; blaming fortune and accusing his own folly, that should be so fond as but once to cast a glance at such a country slut. As thus he was raging against himself, love, fearing if she dallied long to lose her champion, stepped more nigh, and gave him such a fresh wound as it pierced him at the heart, that he was fain to yield, *maugre* his face,* and to forsake the company and get him to his chamber: where, being solemnly set, he burst into these passionate terms.

* *Maugre his face*, though his face was set against it. Old French "*maugré*;" Latin, "*male gratum*,"

[Passionate terms omitted, except their conclusion.] "I will yet praise Fawnia; honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day follow content, not counsel. Do, Dorastus; thou canst but repent!" And with that his page came into the chamber, whereupon he ceased from his complaints, hoping that time would wear out that which fortune had wrought.

As thus he was pained, so poor Fawnia was diversely perplexed; for the next morning, getting up very early, she went to her sheep, thinking with hard labours to pass away her new-conceived amours, beginning very busily to drive them to the field, and then to shift the folds. At last, wearied with toil, she sat her down, where, poor soul, she was more tried with fond affections: for love began to assault her, insomuch that, as she sat upon the side of a hill, she began to accuse her own folly in these terms:

[These terms omitted.]

Fawnia, somewhat appeasing her griefs with these pithy persuasions, began after her wonted manner to walk about her sheep, and to keep them from straying into the corn, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate, and with the impossibilities of her love, thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very destinies did deny her to obtain.

But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions; for love so fiercely assailed him that neither company nor music could mitigate his martyrdom, but did rather far the more increase his malady: shame would not let him crave counsel in this case, nor fear of his father's displeasure reveal it to any secret friend; but he was fain to make a secretary of himself, and to participate his thoughts with his own troubled mind. Linger-ing thus awhile in doubtful suspense, at last stealing secretly from the court without either men or page, he went to see if he could espy Fawnia walking abroad in the field; but as one having a great deal more skill to retrieve the partridge with his spaniels than to hunt after such a strange prey, he sought, but was little the better: which cross luck drove him into a great choler, that he began to accuse love and fortune. But as he was ready to retire, he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a hill, making a garland of such homely flowers as the fields did afford. This sight so revived his spirits that he drew nigh, with more judgment to take a view of her singular perfection, which he found to be such as in that country attire she stained all the courtly dames of Sicilia. While thus he stood gazing with piercing looks on her surpassing beauty, Fawnia cast her eyes aside and spied Dorastus, which sudden sight made the poor girl to blush, and to

dye her crystal cheeks with a vermilion red, which gave her such a grace, as she seemed far more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the prince with such modest curtsies, as he wondered how a country maid could afford such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her curtsy with a smiling countenance, began to parley with her in this manner.

[The parley is omitted; also Fawnia's debate with herself when left alone, except the conclusion.] "Sit down, then, in sorrow; cease to love, and content thyself that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh ho! Ah, fool, it were seemlier for thee to whistle as a shepherd than to sigh as a lover." And with that she ceased from these perplexed passions, folding her sheep, and hieing home to her poor cottage.

But such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia, and to see how fond he was being a prince, and how froward she was being a beggar, that he began to lose his wonted appetite, to look pale and wan; instead of mirth, to feed on melancholy; for courtly dances, to use cold dumps, insomuch that not only his own men, but his father and all the court, began to marvel at his sudden change, thinking that some lingering sickness had brought him into this state: wherefore he caused physicians to come; but Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his urine, but remained still so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in himself a farther inconvenience. His honour wished him to cease from such folly, but love forced him to follow fancy: yea, and in despite of honour, love won the conquest, so that his hot desires caused him to find new devices, for he presently made himself a shepherd's coat that he might go unknown, and with the less suspicion, to prattle with Fawnia, and conveyed it secretly into a thick grove hard joining to the palace, whither, finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and, putting off his princely apparel, got on those shepherd's robes, and taking a great hook in his hand (which he had also gotten), he went very anciently to find out the mistress of his affection. But as he went by the way, seeing himself clad in such unseemly rags, he began to smile at his own folly, and to reprove his fondness in these terms,

[These terms omitted.]

Devising thus with himself, he drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her sheep, who casting her eye aside, and seeing such a mannerly shepherd, perfectly limned, and coming with so good a pace, she began half to forget Dorastus, and to favour this pretty shepherd, whom she thought she might both

love and obtain ; but as she was in these thoughts, she perceived then that it was the young prince Dorastus, wherefore she rose up and reverently saluted him. Dorastus, taking her by the hand, repaid her curtsey with a sweet kiss, and, praying her to sit down by him, he began thus to lay the battery.

[Its last shot is his offer of marriage.]

Fawnia, hearing this solemn protestation of Dorastus, could no longer withstand the assault, but yielded up the fort in these friendly terms.

[These friendly terms omitted.]

Dorastus, hearing this friendly conclusion of Fawnia, embraced her in his arms, swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune should diminish his affection, but that, in despite of the destinies, he would remain loyal unto death. Having thus plight their troth to each other, seeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia, for that Egistus' consent would never be granted to so mean a match, Dorastus determined, as soon as time and opportunity would give them leave, to provide a great mass of money and many rich and costly jewels, for the easier carriage, and then to transport themselves and their treasure into Italy, where they should lead a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his father, or else by succession come to the kingdom. This device was greatly praised of Fawnia, for she feared if the king his father should but hear of the contract, that his fury would be such as no less than death would stand for payment ; she therefore told him that delay bred danger, that many mishaps did fall out between the cup and the lip, and that, to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to pass out of Sicilia, lest fortune might prevent their pretence with some new despite. Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire, promised to despatch his affairs with as great haste as either time or opportunity would give him leave ; and so, resting upon this point, after many embracings and sweet kisses, they departed.

Dorastus, having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the grove where he had his rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, hiding up his shepherd's attire till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the palace, showing by his merry countenance that either the state of his body was amended or the case of his mind greatly redressed. Fawnia, poor soul, was no less joyful ; that, being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poor farmer to be the wife of a rich king, so that she thought every hour a year, till by their

departure they might prevent danger, not ceasing still to go every day to her sheep, not so much for the care of her flock as for the desire she had to see her love and lord, Dorastus, who oftentimes, when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his fancy with the sweet content of Fawnia's presence. And although he never went to visit her but in his shepherd's rags, yet his oft repair made him not only suspected, but known to divers of their neighbours, who, for the goodwill they bare to old Porrus, told him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keep his daughter at home, lest she went so oft to the field that she brought him home a young son ; for they feared that Fawnia being so beautiful, the young prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was stricken into a dump at these news, so that, thanking his neighbours for their goodwill, he hied him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his hands and shedding forth tears, he broke the matter to her in these terms.

[Terms omitted, except their conclusion.] "I mean to take the chain and the jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carry them to the king, letting him then to understand how she is none of my daughter, but that I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little boat, wrapped in a rich mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this means I hope the king will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chanceth, shall be blameless." This device pleased the good wife very well ; so that they determined, as soon as they might know the king at leisure, to make him privy to this case.

In the meantime Dorastus was not slack in his affairs, but applied his matters with such diligence that he provided all things fit for their journey. Treasure and jewels he had gotten great store, thinking there was no better friend than money in a strange country ; rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and, because he could not bring the matter to pass without the help and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his, called Capnio, who had served him from his childhood, privy to his affairs, who, seeing no persuasions could prevail to divert him from his settled determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause that within short space he had gotten a ship ready for their passage. The mariners, seeing a fit gale of wind for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delays, lest if they pretermitted this good weather they might stay long ere they had such a fair wind. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night-time conveyed the trunks full of treasure into the ship, and by secret means let Fawnia understand that the next morning they meant to depart.

She, upon this news, slept very little that night, but got up very early, and went to her sheep, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus, who tarried not long, for fear delay might breed danger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and, without any great circumstance, took Fawnia up behind him and rode to the haven where the ship lay, which was not three-quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there but the mariners were ready with their cock-boat to set them aboard, where, being couched together in a cabin, they passed away the time in recounting their old loves, till their man Capnio should come. Porrus, who had heard that this morning the king would go abroad to take the air, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holiday hose and his best jacket, that he might go like an honest substantial man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wench, brought him all things fit, and spunged him up very handsomely, giving him the chains and jewels in a little box, which Porrus, for the more safety, put in his bosom. Having thus all his trinkets in readiness, taking his staff in his hand, he bade his wife kiss him for good luck, and so he went towards the palace. But as he was going, fortune (who meant to show him a little false play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who, trudging as fast as he could, with a little coffer under his arm, to the ship, and spying Porrus, whom he knew to be Fawnia's father, going towards the palace, being a wily fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crossed him the way, and asked him whither he was going so early this morning. Porrus, who knew by his face that he was one of the court, meaning simply, told him that the king's son Dorastus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one daughter, who was a little beautiful, and that his neighbours told him the young prince had allured her to folly: he went, therefore, now to complain to the king how greatly he was abused.

Capnio, who straightway smelt the whole matter, began to soothe him in his talk, and said that Dorastus dealt not like a prince to spoil any poor man's daughter in that sort; he, therefore, would do the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. "But," quoth Capnio, "you lose your labour in going to the palace, for the king means this day to take the air of the sea, and to go aboard of a ship that lies in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in readiness, and, if you will follow my counsel, turn back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fit place as you may speak to the king at your pleasure." Porrus, giving credit to Capnio's smooth tale, gave him a

thousand thanks for his friendly advice, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaints of Dorastus, yet concealing secretly the chain and the jewels. As soon as they were come to the sea-side, the mariners, seeing Capnio, came a-land with their cock-boat, who, still dissembling the matter, demanded of Porrus if he would go and see the ship, who, unwilling and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brook the sea, therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio, seeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, commanded the mariners that by violence they should carry him into the ship, who, like sturdy knaves, hoisted the poor shepherd on their backs, and, bearing him to the boat, launched from the land.

Porrus, seeing himself so cunningly betrayed, durst not cry out, for he saw it would not prevail, but began to entreat Capnio and the mariners to be good to him, and to pity his estate: he was but a poor man that lived by his labour. They, laughing to see the shepherd so afraid, made as much haste as they could, and set him aboard. Porrus was no sooner in the ship, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia; yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired herself in rich apparel, which so increased her beauty that she resembled rather an angel than a mortal creature.

Dorastus and Fawnia were half astonished to see the old shepherd, marvelling greatly what wind had brought him thither, till Capnio told them all the whole discourse—how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the king, if by policy he had not prevented him; and therefore now that he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger, it were best to carry him into Italy.

Dorastus praised greatly his man's device, and allowed of his counsel; but Fawnia, who still feared Porrus as her father, began to blush for shame, that by her means he should either incur danger or displeasure.

The old shepherd hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sudden be carried from his wife, his country, and kinsfolk, into a foreign land amongst strangers, began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and on his knees to entreat Dorastus that, pardoning his unadvised folly, he would give him leave to go home, swearing that he would keep all things as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not prevail, although Fawnia entreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the mariners, hoisting their mainsails, weighed anchors, and sailed into the deep, where we leave them to the favour of the wind and seas, and return to Egistus.

Who, having appointed this day to hunt in one of his forests, called for his son Dorastus to go sport himself, because he saw that of late he began to lour ; but his men made answer that he was gone abroad, none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walk all alone, as his custom was to do every day.

The king, willing to waken him out of his dumps, sent one of his men to go seek him, but in vain, for at last he returned, but find him he could not, so that the king went himself to go see the sport ; where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, he asked for his son, but he could not be heard of ; which drove the king into a great choler, whereupon most of his noblemen and other courtiers posted abroad to seek him, but they could not hear of him through all Sicilia, only they missed Capnio his man, which again made the king suspect that he was not gone far.

Two or three days being passed, and no news heard of Dorastus, Egistus began to fear that he was devoured with some wild beasts, and upon that made out a great troop of men to go seek him ; who coasted through all the country, and searched in every dangerous and secret place, until at last they met with a fisherman that was sitting in a little covert hard by the sea-side, mending his nets, when Dorastus and Fawnia took shipping ; who, being examined if he either knew or heard where the king's son was, without any secrecy at all revealed the whole matter—how he was sailed two days past, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus, and his fair daughter Fawnia. This heavy news was presently carried to the king, who, half dead for sorrow, commanded Porrus' wife to be sent for. She being come to the palace, after due examination confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the king's son was too familiar with Fawnia, her daughter ; whereupon her husband, fearing the worst, about two days past, hearing the king should go a-hunting, rose early in the morning, and went to make his complaint, but since she neither heard of him nor saw him. Egistus, perceiving the woman's unfeigned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, conceiving such secret grief for his son's reckless folly, that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage by so base a choice to dishonour his father and discredit himself, that with very care and thought he fell into a quartan fever, which was so unfit for his aged years and complexion, that he became so weak, as the physicians would grant him no life.

But his son Dorastus little regarded either father, country, or kingdom in respect of his lady Fawnia ; for fortune, smiling on this young novice, lent him so lucky a gale of wind for the space of a day and a night that the mariners lay and slept

upon the hatches. But on the next morning, about the break of the day, the air began to be overcast, the winds to rise, the seas to swell—yea, presently there arose such a fearful tempest, as the ship was in danger to be swallowed up with every sea. The mainmast with the violence of the wind was thrown overboard, the sails were torn, the tacklings went in sunder, the storm raging still so furiously that poor Fawnia was almost dead for fear, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three days, at which time the mariners every minute looked for death ; and the air was so darkened with clouds that the master could not tell by his compass in what coast they were. But upon the fourth day, about ten of the clock, the wind began to cease, the sea to wax calm, and the sky to be clear, and the mariners descried the coast of Bohemia, shooting off their ordnance for joy that they had escaped such a fearful tempest.

Dorastus, hearing that they were arrived at some harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bade her be of good cheer. When they told him that the port belonged unto the chief city of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the king himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus. This considered, he was half afraid to go on land, but that Capnio counselled him to change his name and his country, until such time as they could get some other bark to transport them into Italy. Dorastus, liking this device, made his case privy to the mariners, rewarding them bountifully for their pains, and charging them to say that he was a gentleman of Trapalonia, called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to show what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or he might wish ; and upon this they landed in a little village, a mile distant from the city, where, after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their marriage, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was spread throughout all the city, so that it came to the ears of Pandosto ; who, then being about the age of fifty, had, notwithstanding, young and fresh affections, so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia ; and to bring this matter the better to pass, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his guard to take them, who, being come to their lodging, told them the king's message. Dorastus, no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the court (for they left Porrus to keep the stuff), who being admitted to the king's presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obedience saluted his majesty.

Pandosto, amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia, stood half astonished, viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himself what he had to do. At last, with stern countenance, he demanded their names, and of what country they were, and what caused them to land in Bohemia. "Sir," quoth Dorastus, "know that my name is Meleagrus, a knight, born and brought up in Trapalonia, and this gentlewoman, whom I mean to take to my wife, is an Italian, born in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a train with me is for that her friends, unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapalonia whither as I was sailing, by distress of weather I was driven into these coasts. Thus have you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voyage." Pandosto, starting from his seat as one in choler, made this rough reply.

[Rough reply omitted.]

Dorastus, in whom rested nothing but kingly valour, was not able to suffer the reproaches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer : [Which is omitted.]

Pandosto, hearing Dorastus utter these words, commanded that he should straight be committed to prison, until such time as they heard further of his pleasure ; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the court, with such courtesy as belonged to a stranger and her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the dungeon.

Having thus hardly handled the supposed Trapalonians, Pandosto, contrary to his aged years, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, insomuch that he could take no rest, but cast in his old head a thousand new devices. At last he fell into these thoughts.

[These thoughts are omitted.]

Here Pandosto ceased from his talk, but not from his love ; although he sought by reason and wisdom to suppress this frantic affection, yet he could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a deep impression in his heart. But on a day, walking abroad into a park which was hard adjoining to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered these words :

[These words are omitted. Fawnia will not quit Meleagrus for Pandosto.] Fawnia, being alone by herself, began to enter into these solitary meditations.

[These also are omitted.] With that, fetching a deep sigh she ceased from her complaints, and went again to the palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and proffered pleasure with small joy. But poor Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with

the burden of cold and heavy irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishap ; that by the disobedience of his parents he had wrought his own despite. Another while cursing the gods and fortune, that they should cross him with such sinister chance, uttering at last his passions in these words.

[Which are omitted.] Dorastus, pained with these heavy passions, sorrowed and sighed, but in vain, for which he used the more patience. But again to Pandosto, who, broiling at the heat of unlawful lust, could take no rest, but still felt his mind disquieted with his new love, so that his nobles and subjects marvelled greatly at this sudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto, thinking every hour a year till he had talked once again with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his chamber, whither, though Fawnia unwillingly coming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar speeches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

[These speeches are omitted.]

Pandosto, seeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without fear to hate him, flung away from her in a rage, swearing if in short time she would not be won with reason, he would forget all courtesy, and compel her to grant by rigour ; but these threatening words no whit dismayed Fawnia, but that she still both despited and despised Pandosto.

While thus these two lovers strove, the one to win love, the other to live in hate, Egistus heard certain news by the merchants of Bohemia, that his son Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him fear greatly that his son should be but hardly entreated ; yet considering that Bellaria and he were cleared by the oracle of Apollo from that crime where-with Pandosto had unjustly charged him, he thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his son Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. Finding this, by the advice of council, the speediest remedy to release his son, he caused presently two of his ships to be rigged and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his men and nobles ambassadors into Bohemia, who, willing to obey their king and relieve their young prince, made no delays for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sailed towards Bohemia. The wind and seas favoured them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three days they were landed ; which Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrival but he in person went to meet them, entreating them with such

sumptuous and familiar courtesy, that they might well perceive how sorry he was for the former injuries he had offered to their king, and how willing, if it might be, to make amends.

As Pandosto made report to them, how one Meleagrus, a Knight of Trapalonia, was lately arrived with a lady called Fawnia in his land, coming very suspiciously, accompanied only with one servant and an old shepherd, the ambassadors perceived by the half what the whole tale meant, and began to conjecture that it was Dorastus, who, for fear to be known, had changed his name. But dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court, where, after they had been very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together, they made report of their embassy, where they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was the son and heir to the King Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; how contrary to the king's mind he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her, being but daughter to that poor shepherd Porrus; whereupon the king's request was that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus might be murdered and put to death, and that his son Dorastus might be sent home in safety. Pandosto having attentively and with great marvel heard their embassy, willing to reconcile himself to Egistus, and to show him how greatly he esteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbade him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despite of love he determined to execute Egistus' will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who, marvelling at this unlooked-for courtesy, found at his coming to the king's presence, that which he least doubted of, his father's ambassadors, who no sooner saw him but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandosto embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a chair of state. Dorastus, ashamed that his folly was betrayed, sat a long time as one in a muse, till Pandosto told him the sum of his father's embassy, which he no sooner heard but he was touched at the quick for the cruel sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia. But neither could his sorrow nor persuasions prevail, for Pandosto commanded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should be brought to his presence; who were no sooner come, but Pandosto, having his former love turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these terms:

[These terms omitted.] The fear of death brought a sorrowful silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus, seeing no hope of life, burst forth into these speeches.

[He tells how he found Fawnia.] "Here is the chain and the jewels, and this Fawnia is the child whom I found in the

boat ; what she is, or of what parentage, I know not, but this I am assured that she is none of mine."

Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the year, the manner of the boat, and other circumstances, which when he found agreeing to his count, he suddenly leaped from his seat, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his tears, and crying, "My daughter Fawnia, ah, sweet Fawnia, I am thy father, Fawnia!" This sudden passion of the king drove them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the king had breathed himself awhile in this new joy, he rehearsed before the ambassadors the whole matter, how he had treated his wife Bellaria for jealousy, and that this was the child whom he sent to float in the seas.

Fawnia was not more joyful that she had found such a father, than Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The ambassadors rejoiced that their young prince had made such a choice, that those kingdoms, which, through enmity had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amity be united and reconciled. The citizens and subjects of Bohemia, hearing that the king had found again his daughter, which was supposed dead, joyful that there was an heir apparent to his kingdom, made bonfires and shows throughout the city. The courtiers and knights appointed jousts and tourneys to signify their willing minds in gratifying the king's hap.

Eighteen days being passed in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompense old Porrus, of a shepherd made him a knight ; which done, providing a sufficient navy to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian ambassadors, he sailed towards Sicily, where he was most princely entertained by Egistus, who, hearing this comical event, rejoiced greatly at his son's good hap, and without delay (to the perpetual joy of the two young lovers) celebrated the marriage. Which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto, calling to mind how first he betrayed his friend Egistus, how his jealousy was the cause of Bellaria's death, that he contrary to the law of nature had lusted after his own daughter, moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholy fit, and to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, he slew himself. Whose death being many days bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his dear friend Egistus, Dorastus taking his leave of his father went with his wife and the dead corpse into Bohemia, where after they were sumptuously entombed, Dorastus ended his days in contented quiet.

THE TEMPEST.

WITH

JACOB AYRER AND "THE FAIR SIDEA," &c.

INTRODUCTION.

THE TEMPEST was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. There is no record that shows when it was first acted. For various insufficient reasons it has sometimes been regarded as the last play written by Shakespeare; and it has even been supposed that Shakespeare figured his retirement from the theatre in Prospero's resolve to break his staff. It is certain that the play was not written before the year 1603, when Florio published his translation of Montaigne; for a passage in the first scene of the Second Act is evidently founded on a passage in one of Montaigne's essays as Florio translated it, and as the poet read it in his own copy, which is now in the British Museum, containing one of the few remaining autographs of Shakespeare. As to the date of the play, there is no other certainty. It is very possible that the publication in 1610 by Silvanus Jourdan of "A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George

Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with divers others," directed Shakespeare's fancy towards Prospero's island. That book told of a storm at the Bermudas in July, 1609, which dispersed the fleet of Sir George Sommers and Sir Thomas Gates. But it is at least as likely that Shakespeare's imagination had been directed towards *The Tempest* by reading the forty-first canto of the "Orlando Furioso," in the translation of Sir John Harington, which was first published in 1591, and of which there was a second edition in 1607. The date assigned to the untrustworthy record of a performance of *The Tempest* before King James on the 1st of November, 1611, in Mr. Peter Cunningham's "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," was probably designed to fit with the publication of Jourdan's book in 1610. There is no other evidence of a recorded date of performance till that found by Malone of a performance of *The Tempest*, at the beginning of the year 1613, by the King's company before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Princess Palatine.

The play is a pure work of Shakespeare's fancy, touched possibly by some suggestion from a crude earlier play now lost, but known through Jacob Ayrer's German version of it as *The Fair Sidea*.

Shakespeare's fable shows a man, Prospero, who has been wronged to the utmost by a wicked world. Imagine such a man cast adrift by his fellows, landed on an island where men are not, and gifted with fairy power that enables him to say to all mankind, I banish *you*. Give him a child for a companion who shall satisfy him singly with the purest human love. Make him master of the spirits of the earth and air, so that he may have at call whatever nature needs for sustenance, with all luxuries that can delight a man thus isolated from his fellows. Nay, more, place in his magic power all his enemies; bring them within reach of his spells, let him be free to drown them if he will. What will he do? The play is Shakespeare's answer to the question; its theme, man's need of man. Prospero's whole device, which is the subject of the play, is a plot for turning hate to love. He will join his daughter in marriage to the son of his inveterate enemy. He will bring those who had wronged him to repentance. He will make himself their friend, and putting off his magic power, he will return with them to the brotherhood of men whose world is no doubt wicked, but of whose wickedness we all are part; such as it is, the world we live in, and the world

in which we have to work and love till hatreds are no more.

Prospero, Duke of free Milan, had by love of study been too much withdrawn from duties of the state. He had left the management of state affairs to a false brother. The false brother, who aspired to full possession of the Dukedom, bought the alliance of the King of Naples, Prospero's inveterate enemy, by offering, upon his own succession to the Dukedom, to make Milan tributary to the Crown of Naples. Antonio, false brother, and Alonso, King of Naples, by joint force became masters of Milan; and Prospero with his daughter Miranda, then not fully three years old, was turned adrift on the sea in a rotten boat to perish. The execution of the last crime against Prospero was committed to an honest counsellor who served the King of Naples, who by his loyalty was bound to do as his King bade, but by the kindness of his nature joined to the fulfilment of his duty every gentle act that it allowed. Not only food and clothes, but the books Prospero loved were put into the boat with him—the magic books. Then the sea bore Prospero and his child far away, and cast them on an island uninhabited by men. This happened twelve years before the action of the play

—"Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since"—Miranda's age, therefore, is imagined to be fifteen

Upon the same island there had been left, twelve years before, a witch Sycorax, banished from Algiers into that wilderness away from men as punishment for evil sorceries, when, for one thing she did, they would not take her life. She was with child when banished, and her child, Caliban, was born upon the island. By her sorcery, she put the spirits of the island in thrall to her, but Ariel, a spirit too fine to obey her earthly and abhorred commands, she imprisoned in a cloven pine, within whose rift Ariel remained painfully confined a dozen years. Before Prospero's landing Sycorax had died. Ariel was found fixed in the cleft pine and set free by the magic art of Prospero. Caliban, whose age is indicated by the years of Ariel's imprisonment, was twelve years old. His magic books made Prospero supreme over the powers of the earth and air. Of the earth earthly, sensual, devilish, was Caliban. Prospero taught him speech and trained him, till his earthly nature led him to attempt a foul assault upon Miranda. Thenceforth he was kept in absolute subjection. If his age be in the least

worth noting, it must have been about twenty-four at the time of the action of the story.

The King of Naples, Prospero's inveterate enemy, has given his daughter Claribel in marriage to the King of Tunis. He has conveyed her to Tunis with a fleet. Antonio, the false brother of Prospero, and usurper of his Dukedom, as a vassal to the Crown of Naples, is in attendance on the King, who has with him his brother Sebastian, and Ferdinand his son. The old counsellor Gonzalo is also part of the King's following. The marriage is over. Claribel has been left at Tunis. King Alonso and his fleet are on their way back to Naples, when their voyage brings them within sight of the enchanted island, at an hour when Prospero has fullest power over them. He separates the King's ship from the rest. He is free now to take a full revenge. But "kindness nobler ever than revenge"—the duty that all Shakespeare's magic is contrived to make us feel, of conquering evil with good, not beating upon hate with hate but turning hate to love, and drawing close the cords that bind men to each other—to this Prospero now shapes his magic art.

The play opens upon the King's ship driving ashore in a storm. The shipmaster and the boat-

swain are labouring to keep the vessel from running aground. The King and his companions—persons of the story—come on deck and each speaks in his character. The King, accustomed to command, speaks with the air of a commander, but in presence of death, the great leveller, is ordered below by the boatswain. “Hence ! What care these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence ! trouble us not.” Gonzalo, who, with that sense of loyalty which made him carry out the orders against Prospero, cares greatly for the name of king, by his first words indicates both his kindly humour and his loyal instinct : “Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.” He gets up a comfortable little joke also out of the rudeness of the boatswain, that as this fellow is born to be hanged they are safe against drowning. After the manner of good-natured old gentlemen, he also cherishes his joke, he chirps over it again presently, and it reappears at the end of the play. Sebastian and Antonio, on the contrary, who represent the hard malice of life, capable of treason and murder, speak wholly in accordance with their cruel natures. Gonzalo’s thoughts, when expecting instant death, are of wife, children, brother, and “the wills above be done,” with amiable prattle intermixed.

In the next scene Prospero and Miranda watch from shore the splitting of the vessel in the magic storm. Miranda has suffered with those whom she saw suffer, and in all her words there is the gentle spirit of humanity. Prospero, whose spells are prompted by the same good spirit, bids her tell her piteous heart there's no harm done; puts off his magic robe—"Lie there, my art"—and left with no other magic than a father's love, comforts his child—"Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort"—assuring her that,

"The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink."

He tells her then the story of their coming to the island; and it may be observed that her one vague memory of childhood is of a wider fellowship with human life—

"Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?"

It may be observed also that, as Prospero goes on with his tale, Miranda stands in rapt attention

with her eyes fixed on the outer space, as Browning's Paracelsus when he is filled with the dream of a new world of men, and Festus asks, "How far was Wurzburg with its church and spire from that look's far alighting?" In this motionless attention and fixed gaze, there is excellent dramatic reason for the breaks—"Dost thou attend," &c.—in a narrative too long for continuous delivery by one person in a play. It will be observed also that the tale of wrong done to Prospero by the world in which he lived, ends with memory of the kindness shown by Gonzalo in the performance of an evil duty. Gonzalo is no hero of romance; he is no more than a good, kind-hearted, commonplace man. It was actually by his hand that Prospero was cast adrift; because he was obedient to the King's commands, and did what he thought to be his duty without question. Nevertheless, only his kindness is remembered, and Miranda's wish is, "Would I might but ever see that man!"

Then Prospero resumes his magic robes and proceeds to use his power on the world that cast him out.

Prospero's design is in two parts. One is concerned with Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples,

his inveterate enemy, whom he desires to bind in love to his daughter Miranda ; that is one way of conquest over the old hatred. The other part of his design touches the whole body of the world that wronged him—his own brother, and the King of Naples, and the rest, whom he desires to bring to repentance, and so, through repentance, into full forgiveness and new fellowship. Ariel, therefore, has been bidden to separate Ferdinand from his father, bring him to land on a lonely part of the shore, and then lead him to the presence of Miranda.

Prospero's whole device aims at the kindly touching of the hearts of men, and its action occupies less than four hours of a summer afternoon. Shakespeare marks the time of the play very distinctly. At the outset, in the second scene Prospero asks Ariel, "What is the time of day ? *Ariel*. Past the mid season. *Prospero*. At least two glasses ;"—that is, at least, two in the afternoon ; and then he adds, "The time 'twixt six and now must by us both be spent most preciouslly." The time here given therefore is from 2 p.m. or a little after, until 6 p.m. At the beginning of the last Act, Prospero again asks Ariel, "How's the day ?" and Ariel answers—

“ On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work shall cease.”

In the last scene the King of Naples speaks of himself and his company “ who three hours since were wrecked upon this shore ; ” he says to his son also of Miranda, “ Your eld’st acquaintance cannot be three hours ; ” and the boatswain speaks of “ our ship which three hours since we gave out split.” We may take the time of action therefore as about three hours and a half, from a little after two until a little before six in the afternoon

Ariel’s spirit-song as she leads Ferdinand, the son of Prospero’s inveterate enemy, towards Miranda, figures union and peace—

“ Come unto these yellow sands
And then *take hands* :
Court’sied when you have and kiss’d,
The wild waves whist.”

The joining of the hands of Ferdinand and Miranda will still the waves of evil passion. There is a like figure of the stilling of the waves of human passion by the influence of music, in a song in *King Henry VIII.* Observe also that the burdens of the spirits in this song are the watch-dog’s bark and the crow of strutting chanticleer. They point to the aim of the spell, human fellowship and Prospero’s

return to neighbourhood with man ; for the watch-dog and the barn-door fowl are associated only with the homes of men. The music crept by Ferdinand upon the waters, allaying both their fury and his passion. When it has led him to the presence of Miranda, the song changes to a ditty that remembers his drowned father. "I hear it now above me," Ferdinand says, and looks heavenward. The tenderness of filial love stirred by the song, calls forth upon his face the highest spiritual beauty ; and then it is that Prospero first shows him to Miranda, for it is then that he says to her—

"The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say what thou seest yond."

When the charm works as Prospero desires it should, his glad promise to Ariel is—

"Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee
Within two days for this."

He trusts within two days to find love pledged between this pair. But love's high magic works beyond his hope. "At the first sight they have changed eyes :—delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this," and there is no more thought about two days. It is rather—

“This swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.”

The show of severity accordingly applies its test to the young love; and the First Act ends with Prospero's whispered directions to Ariel of work to be done towards the other part of his design :—

“Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.”

We turn then to the Second Act, to the two scenes that fairly show the texture of the world that cast out Prospero. One scene shows the King of Naples mourning for the supposed loss of his son. There are the kind old follower, Gonzalo, and others, including Adrian and Francisco, to add to the proportion of kind natures in this little mirror of the world; but there are Antonio and Sebastian to represent treason and malice, and in the other scene Stephano and Trinculo, the drunkard and the fool, who are not to be left out of reckoning, and whose natural relations are with Caliban.

In the first scene Gonzalo is bringing his poor comfort to the mourner by endeavouring to show the brighter side of things and wilfully to occupy

his mind with harmless talk, that may withdraw it from the pain of brooding over sorrow. Gonzalo's comforts are but commonplaces in the ear of grief, but they are bred of such kindness as every mourner in the world has felt, while he is unconsciously supported by poor phrases that cannot be spoken in vain when they have in them a little of the balm of human sympathy. Shakespeare has no contempt for the commonplace people and commonplace thoughts that form the chief part of the intercourse of life. Better a kindly nothing than good wit without good will. So Shakespeare's Duke Theseus put aside contempt for Bottom's company of "hard-handed men that work in Athens here," who strained small wits to grace his wedding with a play, saying—

"I'll see that play,
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Gonzalo's friendly attempts at consolation are set to a running accompaniment of mockery from Sebastian and Antonio. For the playful mockery that springs out of good will and good humour, and in which there is no malice at all, Shakespeare has only the friendly warning that the descant

must not take the place of the plain-song, that the true word simply spoken must have its place among all giddy variations on it. But the mockery that has ill-will in it, this Shakespeare gives only to the cruel and the base—to Richard III. ; to Iago ; to the two men in *The Tempest*, Sebastian and Antonio, who are capable of murder.

When Gonzalo tells his notion of what a State would be if he had the making of it, Shakespeare puts into his mouth an ideal out of Montaigne, because it suits well the conception of his play. The old man owns that he talks for the sake of talking, to direct the King's attention from his grief ; but the matter harmonises with the matter of a play that dwells upon man's need of his fellows. If I had the making of the world, says Gonzalo, it should be this and this. But here is the world in which we have to work, with love for instrument if we would overcome its ills. In Sebastian and Antonio there is not only the running mockery of Gonzalo, but there is the stabbing of the King with cruel words—"Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss," &c.—before they draw swords to stab the King and his old friend in their sleep, that again one brother may supplant.

another, and Sebastian become King of Naples, as Antonio became Duke of Milan.

In the other of the two scenes which, in this Act, paint the features of the world that Prospero has brought unhurt into his island that he may again be part of it, the earth-monster Caliban becomes acquainted with the drunkard and the fool, and makes a god to himself of the poor drunkard who has taught him the divinity of wine.

In the Third Act, the first scene paints between Ferdinand and Miranda love innocent and pure, with illustration of that in its nature from which came the Divine lesson, "Bear ye one another's burdens"—

"If you 'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while"—

with Prospero's joy in their happiness, and in the achievement of this part of his design. In the next scene there is change from purest love to the most cruel hate of Caliban, who incites Stephano and Trinculo to murder Prospero, and gloats over luscious suggestions of the way to do it :

" 'Tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep : then thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books ; or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife."

The third scene opens with renewed resolve by Sebastian and Antonio to murder the King and Gonzalo, now over-wearied by long search for the lost Ferdinand ; and then, close upon these suggestions of treason and murder, comes the main action of the second part of Prospero's design. There is tempting show of a table spread in the wilderness. When the men who represent the wicked world that cast out Prospero, draw near to eat, the show vanishes, there is the rush of harpies' wings, and Ariel as a harpy speaks the words that are designed to touch their hearts, and bring them to repentance :—

"You are three men of sin," &c.

"Remember,

(For that's my business to you), that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
Exposed unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways, *whose wraths to guard you from*

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) *is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.*"

The better natures are thus softened to remorse ; the harder natures of Sebastian and Antonio are struck with confusion ; and the Act closes with this part of Prospero's design in the straight way to success.

The Fourth Act opens with Prospero's blessing on the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, a blessing to be made secure by purity in life and thought. Prospero uses his art to delight them with a fairy show, in which Heaven and Earth—Iris and Ceres—themselves so bound that the words of each begin with praise of the other, join in blessing on the marriage of true minds. Venus, not wanted, is far away with her doves ; but Juno, Queen of Heaven, crowns the blessing, and a fairy dance of water-nymphs with the "burnt sicklemen of August," of the "temperate nymphs" with weary sons of toil, closes the show. The fairy dance is broken off by Prospero's recollection of the plot of Caliban. The defeat of such a plot is easy. The sensualist and the fool, alike infirm of purpose, are easily led by the glitter of a little frippery to yield to the first temptation that may offer. They busy

themselves with the gay clothes presented to their eyes, forget their plot, and then, by spirits in the shape of hounds, with noise of a hunt, they who have fallen below the level of the beasts as beasts are hunted.

The last Act then shows Prospero's attainment of the ends he sought. His enemies are prisoners to him in the lime-grove that weather-fends his cell. "If you beheld them," Ariel says, "your affections would become tender."

"*Pro.* Dost *thou* think so, spirit ?

Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?
Though with their high wrongs I am stung to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part.* The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : *they being penitent,*
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther." †

* Compare *As You Like It*, Act iv., sc. 2 :—

" — kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion."

† Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v., sc. 4 :—

"*Proteus.* Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

Prospero's last charm is to call for heavenly music, that a strain of true harmony may keep time with the restored music of life. He will give up his rough magic, break his staff, and returning to the fellowship of man, use only the finer magic of God's gift of love. In making himself known to his old enemy, the King of Naples, he says—

“For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body.”

He can say now with a free heart---

“Welcome, *my friends all*.”

When by the drawing of a curtain the lost Ferdinand is shown at chess with Miranda, we have the ancient use of chess-play as an emblem of the game of life. We have in life, and shall always have, to oppose wit to wit in contests of opinion; but love may direct all the moves, the

I tender it here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

<i>Valentine.</i>	Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:	
Who by repentance is not satisfied,	
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased;	
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.”	

love that thinks no evil. Even the earth-monster Caliban is brought into the closing music :

“ I ’ll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool ! ”

We may note also a suggestive summary of the spirit of the play in Prospero’s last words. He stands part of such a group as Shakespeare often causes to speak thought to the eye. Around him are, in friendly form, the enemies whose evil he has overcome with good—the men he might so easily have shunned—and his last words to them are, “ Please you DRAW NEAR.”

H. M.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, } *Lords.*

FRANCISCO, }

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler Master of a Ship, Boatswain Mariners.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

} *Spirits.*

SCENE.—A Ship near Shore ; afterwards an Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain !

Boats. Here, master : what cheer ?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to't

yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir,
bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts, cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare. Take in the topsail ; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain ?

Boats. Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins ; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence ! What care these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence ! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor : if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the

present, we will not hand a rope more ; use your authority : if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. —Cheerly, good hearts !—Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging ; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage : if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast : yare ; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again ? what do you here ? Shall we give o'er, and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers; let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopped rascal,—'would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—

We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—

Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Island: before the Cell of
PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,

Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.

Had I been any god of power, I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pro.

Be collected :

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There 's no harm done.

Mira.

O, woe the day !

Pro.

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one ; thee, my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira.

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro.

'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So :

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul —

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopped,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, ' Stay : not yet.'

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of anything the image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda : but how
is it,
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy
father

Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved
thence;

But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,
farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state, as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel : those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me ?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.—

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed
 them,

Or else new formed them : having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st
 not.

Mira. O, good sir, I do !

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.—

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.—

Pro. To have no screen between this part he
played,

And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the King of Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan !)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira.

O the heavens !

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event, then
tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mira.

I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro.

Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother : whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira.

Alack, for pity !

I, not remembering how I cried out then,

Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's ; without the which, this
story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench :
My tale provokes that question : dear, they durst
not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it : there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pro. O, a cherubin

Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infuséd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned ; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira.

How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much : so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira.

'Would I might

But ever see that man !

Pro.

Now I arise.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now I
pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—

[*MIRANDA sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come; I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel. Come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master; grave sir, hail!
I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,

Performed to point the Tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship : now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement : sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast
The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro.

My brave spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari.

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leapt ; cried, 'Hell is
empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pro. Why, that's my spirit :
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perished ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before ; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the Fleet ?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship, in the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vest Bermoothes, there she's hid ;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered
labour,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the Fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed ; but there's more work :
What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
and now

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give
me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

Pro. How now ? moody ?
What is 't thou canst demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out ? No more !

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst
promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread
the ooze

Of the salt deep ;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing : hast thou
forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born ?
speak ; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so ? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damned witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished : for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by the sailors : thou, my slave

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprisoned, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years : within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son which she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honoured with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes ; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master :
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so, and
After two days I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's
My noble master ! What shall I do ? say what ?
What shall I do ?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea :
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine ;
Invisible to every eye-ball else.
Go, take this shape, and hither come in it.
Go ; hence with diligence ! [*Exit ARIEL.*]
Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on :
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 't is,

We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there 's other business for
thee :

Come, thou tortoise ! when !

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er !

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,

All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest
first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me ;
wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't ; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : and then I loved
thee,

And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fer-
tile.

Curséd be I that did so !—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king ; and here you sty
me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness : I have
used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodged
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho ! O ho !—I would it had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill,—I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known ; but thy vile
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with : therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You,
You taught me language : and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with achés ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee !—
[*Aside.*] I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave ; hence !
[*Exit CALIBAN.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND following him.

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kissed,—
The wild waves whist :—
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark ! hark !
Burden. Bowgh, wowgh, [Dispersedly.]
The watch-dogs bark :*

Burden. Bowgh, wowgh,
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the air, or
the earth ?—

It sounds no more ;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather : but 't is gone.—
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :*

[*Burden.* Ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.—I hear it now above me.—

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something
stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.—

Pro. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee

Within two days for this.—

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend:—vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instructions give
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder,
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir ;

But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language? Heavens!—

I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pro. How? the best?

What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now ; that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples ;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wrecked.

Mira. Alack, for mercy !

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of
Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter could control thee,

If now 't were fit to do 't.—[*Aside.*] At the first
sight

They have changed eyes :—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this !—[*To him.*] A word,
good sir ;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a
word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir : one word more.—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers : but
this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To him.*] One word more :
I charge thee,

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. [*To FERD.*] Follow me.—

Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together ;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer.

No ;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mira.

O, dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro.

What ! I say :

My foot my tutor ?—Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possessed with guilt : come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira.

'Beseech you, father !

Pro. Hence ; hang not on my garments !

Mira.

Sir, have pity.

I'll be his surety.

Pro.

Silence ! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What !

An advocate for an imposter? hush !

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira.

My affections

Are then most humble : I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. [*To FERD.*]

Come on ; obey :

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer.

So they are :

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.—

Pro.

It works.—Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To FERD.*]

Follow me.—

[*To ARIEL.*] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.—*Mira.*

Be of comfort.

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted

Which now came from him.—

Pro.

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds ; but then exactly do

All points of my command.

Ari.

To the syllable.—

Pro. Come, follow.—Speak not for him.[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his
wit : by-and-by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One :—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertained, that's
offered,

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, he or Adrian,
For a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninnabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are—

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses ; being rather new-dyed, than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak ; would it not say, he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since Widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that; how came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage; not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments
seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the
marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido.

Ant. O, Widow Dido ; ay, Widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it ? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there ! for, coming thence,
My son is lost ; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan ! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee ?

Fran.

Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs : he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him : his bold
head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no ; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss

That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,

But rather lose her to an African,
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneeled to, and importuned
otherwise

By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weighed, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them :

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' th' loss.—

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.—

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would
I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation, all men idle, all ;
And women too, but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should pro-
duce,

Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir ?—

Alon. Pr'ythee ; no more : thou dost talk
nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are
of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always
use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle : you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible ; solemn music playing.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ? I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts :
I find,

They are inclined to do so.

Seb.

Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :

It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—

[ALONSO sleeps. *Exit* ARIEL.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I : my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent ;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,
Worthy Sebastian—O ! what might—no more :—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks thee,
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What ? art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather ; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly :
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom : you
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O !
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it : how, in stripping it,
You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed) hath here almost persuaded
(For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son 's alive,
'T is as impossible that he 's undrowned,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrowned.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope that
way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with
me,
That Ferdinand is drowned?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that
dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,

(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable ; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis ;
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!"—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them ; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do : what a sleep were this
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb.

I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant.

True :

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if it were a kibe,
'T would put me to my slipper ; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest. Here lies your
brother,—

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead,—
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course : for all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb.

Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent : as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake ! Awake !*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are
you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise,
That's verity: 't is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our
weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make
further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done :

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse ; but they'll nor
pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
mire,
Nor lead me ; like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but
For every trifle are they set upon me :
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall : sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo,

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly : I'll fall flat ;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I
hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head :
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.
—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or
alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very
ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the
newest, Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in
England now (as once I was), and had but this fish
painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a
piece of silver : there would this monster make a
man : any strange beast there makes a man.
When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
Legged like a man ; and his fins like arms.
Warm ; o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion ;
hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander,
that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt.

[*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:

She loved not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,

*Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did
itch;*

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men

of Inde? Ha! I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat.

Open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly :—you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me !—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano !

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano !—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo ;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? Can he vent Trinculos ?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-

stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard; by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like á duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano,—hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man : my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf ? how does thine ague ?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven ?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee :

My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that ; kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster :—I afeard of him !—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon !—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island,

And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ; when his god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot : I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then ; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this

puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster :
I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink.
An abominable monster !

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck
thee berries ;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a
wonder of a poor drunkard !

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset : I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with
me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any
more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our
company else being drowned, we will inherit here.
—Here ; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll
fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—get a new man.

*Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom !
hey-day, freedom !*

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their
labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy left when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself :
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you ; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.—

Pro. Poor worm, thou art infected
This visitation shows it.—

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 't is fresh morning
with me
When you are by, at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admired Miranda,
Indecd the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than thou, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are, abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak :

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it : and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven ! O earth ! bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.—

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them !—

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest :
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't : and now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN with a bottle ; STEPHANO and
TRINCULO following.*

Ste. Tell not me :—when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ? the folly of this island ! They say, there's but five upon this isle ; we are three of them : if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me : I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree:—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou !
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee :
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CAL.*]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st ;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee
asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest ; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy patch !—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him : when that's
gone,
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so ? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too ?—A pox o' your bottle ! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers !

Cal. Ha, ha, ha !

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pry'thee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with
him

I' the afternoon to sleep : there thou may'st brain
him,

Having first seized his books ; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books ; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal ;
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil : I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she ;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I
warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen ; (save our graces !) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat thee ; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep ; Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry : I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em ; and scout 'em, and flout
'em ;*

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee.—
Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show
riches

Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by-and-by : I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, Sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your
patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits. Sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to SEB.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon.

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe
me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders

(For, certes, these are people of the island)

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [Aside.]

Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon.

I cannot too much muse,

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.]

Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanished strangely.

Seb.

No matter, since

They have left their viands behind, for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon.

Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy,
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a
quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and, on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves.

[*Seeing ALON., SEB., &c., draw their swords.*

You fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
For that's my business to you, that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from,

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads, is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder : then, to soft music, enter
the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and
mows, and carry out the table.*

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou
Performed, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand whom they suppose is drowned,
And his and my loved darling. [*Exit PROSPERO.*]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced

The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt *SEB.* and *ANT.*

Gon. All three of them are desperato : their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both : therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are
foundered
Or night kept chained below.

Pro. Fairly spoken,
Sit then and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel, my industrious servant Ariel?

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service

Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this
place.

Incite them to quick motion, for I must

Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ?—no ?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well :—I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are
straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly.—
No tongue, all eyes ; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to
keep ;

Thy banks with pionéd and twilléd brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy
broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air : the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace,

Here on this grass plot, in this very place,
To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffuseth honey-drops, refreshing showers ;

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy
queen

Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blessed lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandaled company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain :
Mars's hot minion is returned again ;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with
me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honoured in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garnerers never empty ;
Vines with clustering bunches growing ;
Plants with goodly burden bowing.
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever :
 O rare a wondered father and a wife
 Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

Pro. Sweet, now, silence :
 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
 There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wand-
dering brooks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons : Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
Contract of true love : be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holiday : your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done.—
Avoid :—no more.

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed : be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed,
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought ;—I thank thee,
Ariel : Come !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it ; but I feared,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets ?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking :
So full of valour, that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their
ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which entered their frail shins. At last I left
them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.
Come hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter*
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall ; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-p—, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore, speak
softly,—

All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell :—no noise, and enter :
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano ! O peer, O worthy Stephano ! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery :—O King Stephano !

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo, by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool, what do you mean,

To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's along,
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the

line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about: PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,
hark!

[*CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With agéd cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari.

Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the Tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge .
Just as you left them : all are prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you termed the good old lord, Gonzalo :
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pas-
time

Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake ; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, oped and let them
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure ; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a frantic
gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN
and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by
ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the*

circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks :

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull ! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopped.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;

And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces

Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—

Thou 'rt pinched for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,

You brother mine, that entertained ambition,

Expelled remorse and nature ; who, with Sebas-
tian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),

Would here have killed your king : I do forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shores, That now lie foul and muddy.—Not one of them That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel, Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;

[*Exit* ARIEL.

I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him.

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee,

But yet thou shalt have freedom :—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches ; the master, and the boat-
swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit ARIEL.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !—

Pro. Behold, Sir King,

The wrongéd Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he or no
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should
Prospero

Be living, and be here ?—

Pro.

First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured, or confined.

Gon.

Whether this be,

Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pro.

You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends
all.—

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*] But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pro.

No.—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.—

Alon.

If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation :

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore ; where I have lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, súpportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most
 strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was
 landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir ;
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.—

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FER-
DINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.—

Alon.

If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

Seb.

A most high miracle !—

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful :

I have cursed them without cause.

[*FERD. kneels to ALON.*

Alon.

Now, all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about !

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira.

O wonder

How many goodly creatures are there here !

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't !

Pro.

'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :

Is she the goddess that hath severed us,

And brought us thus together ?

Fer.

Sir, she is mortal ;

But, by immortal Providence, she 's mine :

I chose her when I could not ask my father

For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Received a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon.

I am hers.

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro.

There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon.

I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
 gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalked forth the way,
Which brought us hither !

Alon.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo.

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
 issue

Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,

In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To FERD. and MIR.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon.

Be it so : Amen.

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here is more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown : Now, blasphemy,
Thou swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore ?

Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king, and company : the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to PRO.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. [*Aside to ARI.*] My tricksy spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapped under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*Aside to PRO.*] Was't well done?

Pro. [*Aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence!
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happened accidents ; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to ARI.*]

Come hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free ;
Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*—How fares my
gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.
—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !
What things are these, my Lord Antonio
Will money buy them ?

Ant. Very like : one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true.—This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch : and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robbed me ; and this demi-devil
(For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these fellows you
Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ?

How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Ste. O, touch me not : I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pro. You 'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. [*Pointing to CAL.*] This is a strange thing
as e'er I looked on.

Pro. He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions : as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !

Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away ; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovéd solemnised ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—

That is thy charge ; then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw
near.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own ;
Which is most faint : now, 't is true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free

JACOB AYRER AND "THE FAIR SIDEA."

STORM ON THE MEDITERRANEAN :

From Ariosto.

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAY ON THE CANIBALLES :

Florio's Translation.

THE INCHANTED ISLAND.

SETEBOS. LAMPEDUSA.

JACOB AYRER AND "THE FAIR SIDEA."



THE following account of Jacob Ayrer and the fair Sidea formed part of an article on Shakespeare, contributed by me in 1861 to the *Quarterly Review*.—H. M.

THERE is a special interest for us in the misty beginnings of the German stage, for we see in it some of the light shed by our Elizabethan dramatists. In the oldest German mummeries the taste for allegory was displayed. One of them, *Death Expelled*, represented at Easter time the fight between summer and winter, and closed with the conveyance through the streets, and final drowning in the river, of an idol made out of old rags, and carried in the midst of youth and song, and waving of green boughs and blossoms. There was the usual progress through mysteries and legends. In

the year 1480 the nearest approach to a play was *Frau Jutten*, written by a priest, who represented in it heaven and hell at war. For many years after this date the German drama was but a half pious, half profane ingredient in Shrovetide follies. One disadvantage was the want of a capital. The nearest approach to a great centre of life and action, which contained a public free enough to follow its own humours, was Nuremberg; and it is in Nuremberg therefore that (to say nothing of Rosenplüt and Hans Folz) we find Hans Sachs, who died in 1578, and Jacob Ayrer, who died in 1618, the year in which his dramatic works were published. In Hans Sachs we know how

Ex sutore Deus vatem magnumque poetam
Fecit."

His is a good memory for Germany to cherish, for he is the Udall, Sackville, and Norton of the Germans. But if in his rude plays, which simply tell a story straight through, by means of a dialogue wanting in character, he shows a wider grasp of thought than his successor Jacob Ayrer, he concerns us less because he did not look to England for his inspiration. This, in the latter half of his

life, Ayrer did. He was only four years older than Shakespeare, and they both ceased to write, as nearly as we can tell, in the same year. The German dramatist began life as owner of an iron shop at Nuremberg, then studied law at Bamberg, throve, retired to Nuremberg, became imperial notary, and died at about the age of fifty. Some of his writings were collected as an *Opus Theatricum*, containing thirty plays, and a good number of brief Shrovetide entertainments. The date of this folio volume is 1618, only two years subsequent to Shakespeare's death, and its editor "recommends its contents as being represented after life, and so produced (according to the new English manner and art) that all can be personally acted and placed so that it shall seem to the spectators to be really happening." Among the plays are three founded upon the same materials that Shakespeare used, with versions of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and some more of our old dramas that are no longer extant in this country. For, in Ayrer's time, the vigorous dramatic spirit of the English was begetting not only famous playwrights, but together with them troops of actors. In one instance it appears that the fame of our stage could cause a German prince to furnish his court with a company of English

players ; and some English companies made circuits of their own through German towns, acting their native plays in their native tongue, but producing so much applause by the vivacity of their clowns, the rapidity of action in their plots, their ghosts, their storms, their battles, and their murders, that the German public grew weary of its own past dullness, and craved heartily to be supplied with entertainment in the English manner. Ayrer had been working in the mines of Livy and the *Bamberg Chronicles*, and had been writing twenty-five acts upon *Valentine and Orson* (he divided the story into four parts, the last of which was, like his tragedy of *Theseus*, an eight act play), but he freely shared the enthusiasm of his public for the English drama, and was prompt in placing upon his own stage the *Spanish Tragedy*. This he produced as *The Tragedy of the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, and his daughter Pelimperia, with the hanged Horatio, &c.* Germany cared for the Turks, and England for the Spaniards ; the King of Spain, therefore, was translated into Amurath, sultan of Constantinople, but Portugal remained the country from which came the prince, who remained Balthazar ; and while there was no change in the names of Lorenzo and Horatio, Jeronimo became

Malignus, the Court Marshal. The version is a free but close translation ; so close, that any omissions catch the attention at once. For example, it does not contain the fine scene between Jeronimo and the painter, which we now know to have come from a better wit than Kyd's.

In Ayrer's *Opus Theatricum*, several plays of English origin are printed in succession, and among them is *The Fair Sidea*, which we have little hesitation in regarding as a close version of the lost play, current in Shakespeare's time, which suggested some hint of the *Tempest*. If so, it was indeed but a small spark that lit the fire. The names have evidently been transformed by the adapter, and the play is entitled, *The Comedy of the Fair Sidea, how it befel her with Engelbrecht until their marriage. In 5 acts, by 15 persons.* To *The Fair Sidea* attention was some time ago invited by Mr. Thoms. There was an unfulfilled intention of translating it for the Shakespeare Society, and the name of the play is, therefore, known to our Shakespearian critics. But they have not yet fairly engaged in the field of research open to them in the works of the admirers of the English drama who lived in Germany in Shakespeare's time.

The story of the plot will be new to most English readers. Leudegast has marched against the proud prince Ludolff, conquered him, and cast him out with his daughter Sidea to live as they can in a lone hut. Sidea complains, but is threatened by her father, who draws a circle with his stick, utters charms, and calls Runcifal the devil. Runcifal leaps up, spits fire, and explains that Ludolff is bad enough to be his master. The master is bent on vengeance, and is told that he shall catch the son of Leudegast his enemy. This son, by name Engelbrecht, is accordingly seized when wandering in the wood during a hunt, having first been disarmed by magic arts. He becomes the slave of Ludolff and Sidea, and both father and daughter beat him. He appears bent under a load of faggots, and is threatened by Sidea with her staff. He is so weary, that he falls at her knees and entreats her to beat him to death. Then Sidea remembers that he is of royal race, and thinks that it would be agreeable to her if he would offer marriage. As the case stands between them, she must speak for herself. She makes the proposal, and is ready to aid and follow him in his escape from thralldom. Runcifal the devil here interposes, and says he must tell her father. Sidea raps him over the

mouth with her magic staff, and he is tongue-tied. The lovers escape, and Ludolff appears thumping Jahn the miller, John being the name for the English clown on the German stage. Jahn Molitor must find the fugitives, and he "scratches his head and exit." Now Sidea becomes tired during the flight: Engelbrecht promises to fetch her a coach, if she will wait; but what if her father should come during his absence? It is agreed that she had better sit up in a tree, and Engelbrecht lifts her into one which overhangs a fountain. Two women who come there for water see the reflection of Sidea's face; each takes it for her own; they dance off in great pride, break their water-jugs, and scorn their husbands. Jahn the miller arrives, finds by her shadow where Sidea hides, and goes away in glee. Dieterich the shoemaker, whose wife is now so fine in her own conceit that he must do the household work himself, goes to fetch water, observes the shadow, finds Sidea, hears her trouble, lets her down from the tree, and secures her escape. Ludolff comes and calls Runcifal, who shows by signs that he is unable to speak. His mouth is unlocked. Jahn the miller comes in piping and drumming, which sets Runcifal dancing. While telling his success, he pipes and pipes, till "more

devils run in and dance." Sidea in the meanwhile has changed clothes with the shoemaker's wife, and is gone. Engelbrecht finds at his father's court another wife provided for him ; but in the midst of the festivities Sidea appears wayworn, in her mean clothes, and the story then works to a close in universal satisfaction.

Another of Jacob Ayrer's plays is *The Comedy of Two Brothers from Syracuse, who for a long time had not seen each other, but in shape and person were so like, that people on all sides took one for the other. Has 5 acts and 15 persons.* This follows closely the *Menæchmi* ; but the probability is that he derived the plot of Plautus through *The History of Error*, or some other English version. In point of date it might possibly have been taken from Shakespeare ; but that it was not, is evident from its containing none of the important changes made by Shakespeare in the conduct of the plot. *Much Ado about Nothing* is the other play illustrated by Ayrer's works. The German piece stands in the *Opus Theatricum* among those derived from English sources. The doubtful source of Shakespeare's plot is conjectured to have been possibly some translation not now extant of Bandello's twenty-second novel, entitled *Como il*

S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Aragona, in Messina, s'innamora di Fenicia Lionata; e i varii fortunevoli accidenti che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse. Almost a literal translation is the German title of the English play—*Mirror of Woman's Modesty and Honour, Comedy of the Fair Phœnicia and Count Tymbri of Golison, from Arragon*, how it befel them in their "honourable love, till they were joined in marriage." In the action, Venus—who, of course, is not a person in the novel—first enters indignant that she is scorned by Count Tymbri of Golison, planner of the Sicilian vespers, and a brave and hardy soldier. She will be revenged. There is a tournament at Messina, and she will match the fair Phœnicia against that rebel knight. Cupid enters, for whom Vulcan has just been forging a tremendous bolt. "Use it as I bid you," says Venus, "and you, poor creature, who have been left all your days to run naked, shall be as well dressed as the other gods." From this prologue, of which the tone is humorous, we may suppose that Shakespeare's mind strayed by its own paths to the conception of Benedict. Jahn—the clown—is shot by Cupid; King Peter of Arragon, with Reinhart, and Dietrich, and Count Tymbri, are at the tournament: the ladies

look on. Lionato, Leonatus, and Gerando fight, and Count Tymbri conquers all. Gerwalt and Gerando plot treason. Lionato, the old noble, and his wife Veracundia, dote on their daughter Phœnicia, a modest childish girl of sixteen, who has achieved the conquest for which Venus marked her out. She opposes to rude courtship a child's modesty, refers all to her father and mother, and Count Tymbri is thus subdued. But Gerwalt, having Gerando for an accomplice, practises to bring the lady's honour into question, and the Count, on the wedding day, sends word that he will not have her. The rest of the story runs according to the novel, truth coming to light by the repentance and confession of Gerando.

The three plays illustrating the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Tempest*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, are printed consecutively in the folio, with the plays—one a *Comedy of Edward III., King of England*, evidently English in its structure, but, we observe, founded upon another of Bandello's novels. It is much to be deplored that the "forty more" of Ayrer's plays that were promised as a second volume by the publisher of the first never appeared. They comprised the translation

of many English plays, and would have been a treasury of reference to our critics in investigating the history of our own drama. The simple fact that Ayrer chose a piece for transformation into German would be evidence of the contemporary popularity of any work.

STORM ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[From Harington's "*Ariosto*," 1591, *Canto xli.*]



A FRENDLY gale at first their iourney fitted,
And bare them from the shore full farre away :
But afterward within a little season,
The wind discouerd his deceit and treason.

First from the poop, it changed to the side,
Then to the prore, at last it wherled round,
In one place long it neuer would abide,
Which doth the Pilots wit and skill confound :
The surging waues swell still in higher pride,
While Proteus flocke did more and more abound,
And seeme to them as many deaths to threaten,
As that ships sides with diuers waues are beaten.

Now in their face the wind, straight in their backe,
And forward this, and backward that it blowes,
Then on the side it makes the ship to cracke,
Among the Mariners confusion growes ;

The Master ruine doubts, and present wracke,
For none his will, nor none his meaning knowes,
To whistle, becken, crie, it nought auailles,
Somtime to strike, somtime to turne their sailes.

But none there was could heare, nor see, nor
marke,

Their eares so stopt, so dazeld were their eyes,
With weather so tempestuous and so darke,
And black thick clouds, that with the storme did
rise

Frō whence somtime great gastly flames did sparke
And thunderclaps, that seemd to rend the skies :
Which made them in a manner deafe and blind,
That no man vnderstood the Masters mind.

Nor lesse, nor much lesse fearfull is the sound,
The cruell tempest in the tackle makes,
Yet each one for himselfe some busnesse found,
And to some speciall office him betakes :
One this vntide, another that hath bound,
He the Main bowling, now restraines, now slakes :
Some take an oare, some at the pumpe take
paine,
And powre the sea into the sea againe.

Behold a horrible and hideous blast,
That Boreas from his frozen lips doth send,
Doth backward force the sayle against the
mast,

And makes the waues vnto the skies ascend :
Then brake their oares and rudder eke at last,
Now nothing left from tempest to defend,
So that the ship was swaid now quite aside,
And to the waues laid ope her naked side.

Then all aside the staggring ship did reele,
For one side quite beneath the water lay,
And on the tother side the verie keele,
Aboue the water plaine discerne you may.
Then thought they al hope past, & down they
kneelee

And vnto God to take their soules they pray,
Worse danger grew than this, when this was
past,
By meanes the ship gan after leake so fast.

The wind, the waues, to them no respite gaue,
But readie eu'rie houre to ouerthrow them,
Oft they wer hoist so high vpon the waue,
They thought the middle region was below
them ;

Oft times so low the same their vessel draue,
As though that Charon there his boat would show
 them

Scant had they time and powre to fetch their
 breath,

All things did threaten them so present death.

Thus all that night they could haue no release,
But when the morning somewhat nearer drew,
And that by course, the furious wind should
 cease,

(A strange mishap) the wind then fiercer grew,
And while their troubles more and more
 increase,

Behold a rocke stood plainly in their vew,
And right vpon the same the spitefull blast,
Bare them perforce, which made them all agast.

Yet did the master by all meanes assay,
To steare out roomer, or to keepe aloofe,
Or at the least to strike sailes if they may,
As in such danger was for their behoofe.
But now the wind did beare so great a sway,
His enterprises had but little prooffe :
At last with striuing yard and all was torne,
And part thereof into the sea was borne.

'Then each man saw all hope of safetie past,
No meanes there was the vessell to direct,
No helpe there was, but all away are cast,
Wherefore their common safetie they neglect,
But out they get the ship-boat, and in hast,
Each man therein his life striues to protect,
Of King, nor Prince no man taks heed or note,
But well was he could get him in the bote.

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAY ON THE CANIBALLES.

John Florio's Translation.



AT what time King Pirrhus came into Italie, after he had survaid the marshalling of the Armie, which the Romans sent against him: "I wot not," said he, "what barbarous men these are" [for so were the Græcians wont to call all strange nations] "but the disposition of this Armie, which I see, is nothing barbarous." So said the Græcians of that which Flaminius sent into their countrie: And Philip viewing from a Tower the order and distribution of the Romaine camp, in his kingdome under Publius Sulpitius Galba. Loe how a man ought to take heed, lest he over-weeningly follow vulgar opinions, which should be measured by the rule of reason, and not by the common report. I have had long time dwelling with me a man, who for the space of ten or twelve yeares had dwelt in that other world, which in our age was lately discovered in those parts where Villegaignon first landed, and surnamed Antartike France. This

discoverie of so infinit and vast a countrie, seemeth worthy great consideration. I wot not whether I can warrant my selfe, that some other be not discovered hereafter, sithence so many worthy men, and better learned than we are, have so many ages beene deceived in this. I feare me our eies be greater than our bellies, and that we have more curiositie than capacitie. We embrace all, but we fasten nothing but wind. Plato maketh Solon to report that he had learn't of the Priests of the Citie of Says in Ægypt, that whilom, and before the generall Deluge, there was a great Iland called Atlantis, situated at the mouth of the strait of Gibraltar, which contained more firme land than Affrike and Asia together. And that the kings of that countrie did not only possesse that Iland, but had so farre entred into the maine land, that of the bredth of Affrike, they held as farre as Ægypt; and of Europes length, as farre as Tuscanie: and that they undertooke to invade Asia, and to subdue all the nations that compasse the Mediterranean Sea, to the gulfes of Mare-Maggiore [the Black Sea], and to that end they traversed all Spaine, France, and Italie, so farre as Greece, where the Athenians made head against them; but that a while after, both the Athenians themselves

and that great Iland, were swallowed up by the Deluge. It is verie likely this extreme ruine of waters wrought strange alterations in the habitations of the earth : as some hold that the Sea hath divided Sicilie from Italie.

*“ Hæc loca vi quandam, et vasta convulsa ruina
Dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
Vna foret.”*

“Men say, sometimes this land by that forsaken,
And that by this, were split, and ruine-shaken,
Whereas till then both lands as one were taken.”

Cypres from Suria, the Iland of Negroponte from the maine land of Beotia, and in other places joyned lands that were sundred by the Sea, filling with mud and sand the chanel betweene them.

*“ ———sterilisque diu palus aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum.”*

“The fenne long barren, to be row'd in, now
Both feeds the neighbour townes, and feeles the plow.”

But there is no great apparence the said Iland should be the new world we have lately discovered ; for it well-nigh touched Spaine, and it were an incredible effect of inundation to have removed the same more than twelve hundred leagues, as we see it is. Besides, our moderne Navigations have now

almost discovered that it is not an Iland, but rather firme land, and a continent, with the East Indias on one side, and the countries lying under the two Poles on the other; from which if it be divided, it is with so narrow a strait and intervail, that it no way deserveth to be named an Iland: For, it seemeth there are certaine motions in these vast bodies, some naturall, and other some sebricitant, as well as in ours. When I consider the impression my river of Dordogne worketh in my time, toward the right shoare of her descent, and how much it hath gained in twentie yeares, and how many foundations of divers houses it hath overwhelmed and violently carried away; I confesse it to be an extraordinarie agitation; for, should it alwaies keepe one course, or had it ever kept the same, the figure of the world had ere this beene overthrowne. But they are subject to changes and alterations. Sometimes they overflow and spread themselves on one side, sometimes on another; and other times they containe themselves in their naturall beds or chanel. I speak not of sudden inundations, whereof we now treat the causes. In Medoc alongst the Sea-coast, my brother the Lord of Arsacke, may see a town of his buried under the sands, which the sea casteth

up before it : The tops of some buildings are yet to be discerned. His Rents and Demaines have beene changed into barren pastures. The inhabitants thereabouts affirme, that some yeares since, the Sea encrocheth so much upon them, that they have lost foure leagues of firme land : These sands are her fore-runners. And we see great hillocks of gravell moving, which march halfe a league before it, and usurpe on the firme land. The other testimonie of antiquitie, to which some will referre this discoverie, is in Aristotle (if at least that little booke of unheard of wonders be his), where he reporteth that certaine Carthaginians having sailed athwart the Atlantike Sea, without the strait of Gibraltar, after long time, they at last discovered a great fertill Iland, all replenished with goodly woods, and watred with great and deepe rivers, farre distant from al land, and that both they and others, allured by the goodnes and fertility of the soile, went thither with their wives, children, and household, and there began to inhabit and settle themselves. The Lords of Carthage seeing their countrie by little and little to be dispeopled, made a law and expresse inhibition, that upon paine of death no more men should goe thither, and banished all that were gone thither to dwell,

fearing (as they said) that in successe of time, they would so multiply as they might one day supplant them, and overthrow their owne estate. This narration of Aristotle hath no reference unto our new found countries. This servant I had, was a simple and rough-hewen fellow : a condition fit to yeeld a true testimonie. For, subtile people may indeed marke more curiously, and observe things more exactly, but they amplifie and glose them : and the better to perswade, and make their interpretations of more validitie, they cannot chuse but somewhat alter the storie. They never represent things truly, but fashion and maske them according to the visage they saw them in ; and to purchase credit to their judgement, and draw you on to beleeeve them, they commonly adorne, enlarge, yea, and hyperbolize the matter. Wherein is required either a most sincere Reporter, or a man so simple, that he may have no invention to build upon, and to give a true likelihood unto false devices, and be not wedded to his owne will. Such a one was my man ; who besides his owne report, hath many times shewed me divers Mariners and Merchants, whom hee had knowne in that voyage. So am I pleased with his information, that I never enquire what Cosmographers say of it. We had

need of Topographers to make us particular narrations of the places they have beene in. For some of them, if they have the advantage of us. that they have seene Palestine, will challenge a privilege, to tell us newes of all the world besides. I would have every man write what he knowes, and no more : not only in that, but in all other subjects. For one may have particular knowledge of the nature of one river, and experience of the qualitie of one fountaine, that in other things knowes no more than another man : who nevertheless to publish this little scantling, will undertake to write of all the Physickes. From which vice proceed divers great inconveniences. Now (to returne to my purpose) I finde (as farre as I have beene informed) there is nothing in that nation that is either barbarous or savage, unless men call that barbarisme which is not common to them. As indeed, we have no other ayme of truth and reason, than the example and Idea of the opinions and customes of the countrie we live in. There is ever perfect religion, perfect policie, perfect and compleat use of all things. They are even savage, as we call those fruits wilde which nature of her selfe and of her ordinarie progresse hath produced : whereas indeed, they are those which our selves

have altered by our artificiall devices, and diverted from their common order, we should rather terme savage. In those are the true and most profitable vertues, and naturall properties most lively and vigorous, which in these we have bastardized, applying them to the pleasure of our corrupted taste. And if notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries that were never tilled, we shall finde that in respect of ours they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste; there is no reason, art should gaine the point of honour of our great and puissant mother Nature. We have so much by our inventions surcharged the beauties and riches of her workes, that we have altogether overchoaked her: yet where ever her puritie shineth, she makes our vaine and frivolous enterprises wonderfully ashamed.

*“ Et veniunt hederæ sponte sua melius,
Surgit et in solis formosior arbutus antris,
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.”*

“ Ivies spring better of their owne accord,
Unhaunted spots much fairer trees afford.
Birds by no art much sweeter notes record.”

All our endeavour or wit cannot so much as reach to represent the nest of the least birdlet, it's contexture, beautie, profit and use, no nor the web

of a seely spider. All things (saith Plato) are produced either by nature, by fortune, or by art. The greatest and fairest by one or other of the two first, the least and imperfect by the last. Those nations seeme therefore so barbarous unto me, because they have received very little fashion from humane wit, and are yet neere their originall naturalitie. The lawes of nature doe yet command them which are but little bastardized by ours, and that with such puritie, as I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of it came no sooner to light, at what time there were men that better than we could have judged of it. I am sorie, Lycurgus and Plato had it not: for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath proudly imbellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple as we see it by experience; nor ever beleeeve our societie might be maintained with so little art and humane combination. *It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie;*

*no use of service, of riches or of povertie ; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle ; no respect of kindred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.** How dissonant would hee finde his imaginarie common-wealth from this perfection ?

“Hos natura modos primum dedit.”

“Nature at first uprising,
These manners did devise.”

Furthermore, they live in a country of so

* This is the passage from which Shakespeare took the lines in Act II., Scene 1, of the *Tempest* :—

“I’ the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty ; no contracts,
Successions ; bounds of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all,” &c.

The line, “No occupation ; all men idle, all,” is unquestionably a version of Florio, whose “no occupation but idle” did not seem to mean what it stood for — “nulles occupations qu’oisives,” no occupations but idle ones.

exceeding pleasant and temperate situation, that as my testimonies have told me, it is verie rare to see a sicke body amongst them; and they have further assured me, they never saw any man there either shaking with the palsie, toothlesse, with eies dropping, or crooked and stooping through age. They are seated alongst the sea-coast, encompassed toward the land with huge and steepie mountaines, having betweene both, a hundred leagues or thereabout of open and champaine ground. They have great abundance of fish and flesh, that have no resemblance at all with ours, and eat them without any sawces, or skill of Cookerie, but plaine boiled or broiled. The first man that brought a horse thither, although he had in many other voyages conversed with them, bred so great a horror in the land, that before they could take notice of him, they slew him with arrowes. Their buildings are very long, and able to containe two or three hundred soules, covered with barkes of great trees, fastned in the ground at one end, enterlaced and joyned close together by the tops, after the manner of some of our Granges; the covering whereof hangs downe to the ground, and steadeth them as a flancke. They have a kinde of wood so hard, that ryving and cleaving the same, they make

blades, swords, and grid-irons to broile their meat with. Their beds are of a kinde of cotten cloth, fastened to the house rooffe, as our ship-cabbanes : everie one hath his severall cowch ; for the women lie from their husbands. They rise with the Sunne, and feed for all day, as soone as they are up : and make no more meales after that. They drinke not at meat, as Suidas reporteth, of some other people of the East, which dranke after meales but drinke many times a day, and are much given to pledge carowses. Their drinke is made of a certaine root, and of the colour of our Claret wines, which lasteth but two or three daies ; they drinke it warme : It hath somewhat a sharpe taste, wholesome for the stomack, nothing heady, but laxative for such as are not used unto it, yet verie pleasing to such as are accustomed unto it. In stead of bread, they use a certaine white composition, like unto Corianders confected. I have eaten some, the taste whereof is somewhat sweet and wallowish. They spend the whole day in dancing. Their young men goe a hunting after wilde beasts with bowes and arroes. Their women busie themselves therewhil'st with warming of their drinke, which is their chieftest office. Some of their old men, in the morning before they

goe to eating, preach in common to all the household, walking from one end of the house to the other, repeating one selfe-same sentence many times, till he have ended his turne (for their buildings are a hundred paces in length) he commends but two things unto his auditorie, First, valour against their enemies, then lovingnesse unto their wives. They never misse (for their restraint) to put men in minde of this dutie, that it is their wives which keepe their drinke lukewarme and well-seasoned. The forme of their beds, cords, swords blades, and wooden bracelets, wherewith they cover their hand wrists, when they fight, and great Canes open at one end, by the sound of which they keepe time and cadence in their dancing, are in many places to be seene, and namely in mine owne house. They are shaven all over, much more close and cleaner than wee are, with no other Razors than of wood or stone. They beleeeve their soules to be eternall, and those that have deserved well of their Gods to be placed in that part of heaven where the Sunne riseth, and the cursed toward the West in opposition. They have certaine Prophets and Priests which commonly abide in the mountaines, and very seldome shew themselves unto the people; but when they

come downe there is a great feast prepared, and a solemne assembly of manie townships together (each Grange as I have described maketh a village, and they are about a French league one from another.) The Prophet speakes to the people in publike, exhorting them to embrace vertue, and follow their dutie. All their moral discipline containeth but these two articles ; first an undismayed resolution to warre, then an inviolable affection to their wives. Hee doth also Prognosticate of things to come, and what successe they shall hope for in their enterprises : hee either perswadeth or disswadeth them from warre ; but if he chance to misse of his divination, and that it succeed otherwise than hee foretold them, if hee be taken, he is hewen in a thousand peeces, and condemned for a false Prophet. And therefore he that hath once misreckoned himselfe is never seene againe. Divination is the gift of God ; the abusing whereof should be a punishable imposture. When the Divines amongst the Scythians had foretold an untruth, they were couched along upon hurdles full of heath or brushwood, drawne by oxen, and so manied hand and foot, burned to death. Those which manage matters subject to the conduct of man's sufficiencie are excusable, although they

shew the utmost of their skill. But those that gull and conicatch us with the assurance of an extraordinarie facultie, and which is beyond our knowledge, ought to be double punished; first because they performe not the effect of their promise, then for the rashnesse of their imposture and unadvisednesse of their fraud. They warre against the nations that lie beyond their mountaines, to which they go naked, having no other weapons than bowes or wooden swords, sharpe at one end, as our broaches are. It is an admirable thing to see the constant resolution of their combats, which never end but by effusion of blood and murther: for they know not what feare or rowts are. Every Victor brings home the head of the enemie he hath slaine as a Trophey of his victorie, and fasteneth the same at the entrance of his dwelling place. After they have long time used and entreated their prisoners well, and with all commodities they can devise, he that is the Master of them; sommining a great assembly of his acquaintance; tieth a corde to one of the prisoners armes, by the end whereof he holds him fast, with some distance from him, for feare he might offend him, and giveth the other arme, bound in like manner, to the dearest friend he hath, and both in the

presence of all the assembly kill him with swords : which done, they roast and then eat him in common, and send some slices of him to such of their friends as are absent. It is not, as some imagine, to nourish themselves with it (as anciently the Scythians wont to doe), but to represent an extreme and inexpiable revenge. Which we prove thus ; some of them perceiving the Portugales, who had confederated themselves with their adversaries, to use another kinde of death when they tooke them prisoners ; which was, to burie them up to the middle, and against the upper part of the body to shoot arrowes, and then being almost dead, to hang them up ; they supposed, that these people of the other world (as they who had sowed the knowledge of many vices amongst their neighbours, and were much more cunning in all kindes of evils and mischiefe than they) undertooke not this manner of revenge without cause, and that consequently it was more smartfull and cruell than theirs, and thereupon began to leave their old fashion to follow this. I am not sorie we note the barbarous horror of such an action, but grieved, that prying so narrowly into their faults we are so blinded in ours. I thinke there is more barbarisme in eating men alive, then to feed

upon them being dead ; to mangle by tortures and torments a body full of lively sense, to roast him in peeces, to make dogges and swine to gnaw and teare him in mamockes (as wee have not only read, but seene very lately, yea and in our owne memorie, not amongst ancient enemies, but our neighbours and fellow-citizens ; and which is worse, under pretence of pietie and religion) than to roast and eat him after he is dead. Chrysippus and Zeno, arch-pillars of the Stoicke sect, have supposed that it was no hurt at all in time of need, and to what end soever, to make use of our carrion bodies, and to feed upon them, as did our forefathers, who being besieged by Cæsar in the Citie of Alexia, resolved to sustaine the famine of the siege, with the bodies of old men, women, and other persons unserviceable and unfit to fight.

*“ Vascones (fama est) alimentis talibus usi
Produxere animas.”*

*“ Gascoynes (as fame reports)
Liv'd with meats of such sorts.”*

And Physitians feare not, in all kindes of compositions availefull to our health, to make use of it, be it for outward or inward applications. But there was never any opinion found so unnaturall

and immodest, that would excuse treason, treacherie, disloyaltie, tyrannie, crueltie, and such like, which are our ordinarie faults. We may then well call them barbarous, in regard of reasons rules, but not in respect of us that exceed them in all kinde of barbarisme. Their warres are noble and generous, and have as much excuse and beautie as this humane infirmitie may admit: they ayme at nought so much, and have no other foundation amongst them, but the meere jelousie of vertue. They contend not for the gaining of new lands; for to this day they yet enjoy that naturall ubertie and fruitfulnessse, which without labouring toyle, doth in such plenteous abundance furnish them with all necessary things, that they need not enlarge their limits. They are yet in that happy estate as they desire no more than what their naturall necessities direct them: whatsoever is beyond it, is to them superfluous. Those that are much about one age, doe generally enter-call one another brethren, and such as are younger they call children, and the aged are esteemed as fathers to all the rest. These leave this full possession of goods in common, and without division to their heires, without other claim or title but that which nature doth plainly impart

unto all creatures, even as shce brings them into the world. If their neighbours chance to come over the mountaines to assaile or invade them, and that they get the victorie over them, the Victors conquest is glorie, and the advantage to be and remaine superior in valour and vertue : else have they nothing to doe with the goods and spoyles of the vanquished, and so returne into their countrie, where they neither want any necessarie thing, nor lacke this great portion, to know how to enjoy their condition happily, and are contented with what nature affoordeth them. So doe these when their turne commeth. They require no other ransom of their prisoners, but an acknowledgement and confession that they are vanquished. And in a whole age, a man shall not finde one that doth not rather embrace death, than either by word or countenance remissely to yeeld one jot of an invincible courage. There is none seene that would not rather be slaine and devoured, than sue for life, or shew any feare : They use their prisoners with all libertie, that they may so much the more hold their lives deare and precious, and commonly entertaine them with threats of future death, with the torments they shall endure, with the preparations intended for that purpose, with mangling and

slicing of their members, and with the feast that shall be kept at their charge. All which is done, to wrest some remisse, and exact some faint-yeelding speech of submission from them, or to possesse them with a desire to escape or run away; that so they may have the advantage to have danted and made them afraid, and to have forced their constancie. For certainly true victorie consisteth in that only point.

“———*Victoria nulla est
Quàm quæ confessos animo quoque subjugat hostes.*”

“No conquest such, as to suppress
Foes hearts, the conquest to confesse.”

The Hungarians, a most warre-like nation, were whilome wont to pursue their prey no longer than they had forced their enemie to yeeld unto their mercie. For, having wrested this confession from him, they set him at libertie without offence or ransome, except it were to make him sweare never after to beare armes against them. Wee get many advantages of our enemies, that are but borrowed and not ours: It is the qualitie of porterly-rascall, and not of vertue, to have stronger armes and sturdier legs: Disposition is a dead and corporall qualitie. It is a tricke of fortune to

make our enemie stoope, and to bleare his eies with the Sunnes-light : It is a pranke of skill and knowledge to be cunning in the art of fencing, and which may happen unto a base and worthlesse man. The reputation and worth of a man consisteth in his heart and will : therein consists true honour : Constancie is valour, not of armes and legs, but of minde and courage ; it consisteth not in the spirit and courage of our horse, nor of our armes, but in ours. He that obstinately faileth in his courage, *Si succiderit, de genu pugnat* : “ If hee slip or fall, he fights upon his knee.” He that in danger of imminent death is no whit danted in his assurednesse ; he that in yeelding up his ghost beholding his enemie with a scornfull and fierce looke, he is vanquished, not by us, but by fortune : he is slaine, but not conquered. The most valiant are often the most unfortunate. So are there triumphant losses in envie of victories. Not those foure sister victories, the fairest that ever the Sunne beheld with his all-seeing eie, of Salamis, of Plateæ, of Mycale, and of Sicilia, durst ever dare to oppose all their glorie together to the glorie of the King Leonidas his discomfiture and of his men, at the passage of Thermopylæ : what man did ever run with so glorious an envie cr

more ambitious desire to the goale of a combat, than Captaine Ischolas to an evident losse and overthrow? who so ingeniously or more politikely did ever assure himselfe of his welfare than he of his ruine? He was appointed to defend a certaine passage of Peloponesus against the Arcadians, which finding himselfe altogether unable to performe, seeing the nature of the place and inequalitie of the forces, and resolving that whatsoever should present it selfe unto his enemie, must necessarily be utterly defeated: On the other side, deeming it unworthy both his vertue and magnanimitie, and the Lacedemonian name, to faile or faint in his charge, betweene these two extremities he resolved upon a meane and indifferent course, which was this. The youngest and best disposed of his troupe he reserved for the service and defence of their countrie, to which hee sent them backe; and with those whose losse was least, and who might best be spared, he determined to maintaine that passage, and by their death to force the enemie to purchase the entrance of it as deare as possibly he could; as indeed it followed. For being suddenly environed round by the Arcadians, after a great slaughter made of them, both himselfe and all his were put to the sword.

Is any Trophey assigned for conquerours that is not more duly due unto these conquered? A true conquest respecteth rather an undanted resolution, an honourable end, than a faire escape, and the honour of vertue doth more consist in combating than in beating. But to returne to our historie, these prisoners, howsoever they are dealt withall, are so farre from yeelding, that contrariwise during two or three moneths that they are kept, they ever carry a cheerefull countenance, and urge their keepers to hasten their triall, they outragiously defie and injure them. They upbraid them with their cowardlinesse, and with the number of battels they have lost againe theirs. I have a song made by a prisoner, wherein is this clause, "Let them boldly come altogether, and focke in multitudes, to feed on him ; for with him they shall feed upon their fathers and grandfathers, that heretofore have served his body for food and nourishment: These muscles," saith he, "this flesh, and these veines, are your owne ; fond men as you are, know you not that the substance of your forefathers limbes is yet tied unto ours? Taste them well, for in them shall you finde the relish of your owne flesh:" An invention, that hath no shew of barbarisme. Those that paint

them dying, and that represent this action, when they are put to execution, delineate the prisoners spitting in their executioners faces, and making mowes at them. Verily, so long as breath is in their body they never cease to brave and defie them, both in speech and countenance. Surely, in respect of us these are very savage men: for either they must be so in good sooth, or we must be so indeed: There is a wondrous distance betweene their forme and ours. Their men have many wives, and by how much more they are reputed valiant so much the greater is their number. The manner and beautie of their marriages is wondrous strange and remarkable: For, the same jealousie our wives have to keepe us from the love and affection of other women, the same have theirs to procure it. Being more carefull for their husbands honour and content than of any thing else, they endeavour and apply all their industrie to have as many rivals as possibly they can, forasmuch as it is a testimonie of their husbands vertue. Our women would count it a wonder, but it is not so: It is vertue properly Matrimoniall, but of the highest kinde. And in the Bible, Lea, Rachell, Sara, and Iacobs wives brought their fairest maiden servants into their

husbands beds. And Livia seconded the lustfull appetites of Augustus to her great prejudice. And Stratonica, the wife of King Dejotarus, did not only bring the most beauteous chamber-maide that served her to her husbands bed, but very carefully brought up the children he begot on her, and by all possible meanes aided and furthered them to succeed in their fathers royaltie. And least a man should thinke that all this is done by a simple and servile or awefull dutie unto their custome, and by the impression of their ancient customes authoritie, without discourse or judgement, and because they are so blockish and dull-spirited, that they can take no other resolution, it is not amisse we alleage some evidence of their sufficiencie. Besides what I have said of one of their warlike songs, I have another amorous canzonet, which beginneth in this sense: "Adder stay, stay good adder, that my sister may by the patterne of thy partie-coloured coat drawe the fashion and worke of a rich lace, for me to give unto my love; so may thy beautie, thy nimblenesse or disposition be ever preferred before all other serpents." The first couplet is the burthen of the song. I am so conversant with Poesie that I may judge this invention hath no barbarisme at all in it, but is

altogether Anacreontike. Their language is a kinde of pleasant speech, and hath a pleasing sound, and some affinitie with the Greeke terminations. Three of that nation, ignorant how deare the knowledge of our corruptions will one day cost their repose, securitie, and happinesse, and how their ruine shall proceed from this commerce, which I imagine is already well advanced (miserable as they are to have suffered themselves to be so cosened by a desire of new-fangled novelties, and to have quit the calmenesse of their climate to come and see ours), were at Roane in the time of our late King Charles the ninth, who talked with them a great while. They were shewed our fashions, our pompe, and the forme of a faire citie; afterward some demanded their advice, and would needs know of them what things of note and admirable they had observed amongst us: they answered three things, the last of which I have forgotten, and am very sorie for it, the other two I yet remember. They said, "First they found it very strange that so many tall men with long beards, strong and well armed, as it were about the Kings person [it is very likely they meant the Switzers of his guard] would submit themselves to obey a beardless childe, and that we did not

rather chuse one amongst them to command the rest." Secondly (they have a manner of phrase whereby they call men but a moytie one of another.) "They had perceived there were men amongst us full gorged with all sortes of commodities, and others which, hunger-starved and bare with need and povertie, begged at their gates: and found it strange these moyties so needy could endure such an injustice, and that they tooke not the others by the throate, or set fire on their houses." I talked a good while with one of them, but I had so bad an interpreter, who did so ill apprehend my meaning, and who through his foolishnesse was so troubled to conceive my imaginations, that I could draw no great matter from him. Touching that point, wherein I demanded of him what good he received by the superioritie he had amongst his countriemen (for he was a Captaine and our Marriners called him King), he told me it was to march foremost in any charge of warre: further, I asked him how many men did follow him, hee shewed me a distance of place, to signifie they were as many as might be contained in so much ground, which I guessed to be about 4 or 5 thousand men: moreover, I demanded if when warres were ended, all his

authoritie expired ; he answered, that hee had only this left him, which was, that when he went on progresse, and visited the villages depending of him, the inhabitants prepared paths and high-waies athwart the hedges of their woods, for him to passe through at ease. All this is not verie ill ; but what of that ? They weare no kinde of breeches nor hosen.

THE INCHANTED ISLAND.

THE following ballad, quoted by Mr. Collier in his "Further Particulars concerning Shakespeare and his Works," is, no doubt, later than the *Tempest* :—

IN Aragon there livde a king,
 Who had a daughter sweete as spring,
 A little playfull childe :
 He lovde his studie and his booke ;
 The toyles of state he could not brooke,
 Of temper still and milde.

He left them to his Brother's care,
 Who soone usurpde the throne unware,
 And turnd his brother forth :
 The studious king Geraldo hight
 His daughter Ida, deare as sight
 To him who knew her worth.

The brother who usurpd the throne
 Was by the name Benormo knowne,
 Of cruell hart and bolde.

He turned his niece and brother forth
To wander east, west, south, or north,
All in the winter colde.

Long time, he journeyd up and downe,
The head all bare that wore a crowne,
And Ida in his hand,
Till that they reachd the broad sea side
Where merchant ships at ankor ride
From many a distant land.

Imbarking, then, in one of these,
They were, by force of winds and seas,
Driven wide for many a mile ;
Till at the last they shelter found,
The master and his men all drown'd,
In the enchanted Isle.

Geraldo and his daughter faire,
The onelie two that landed there,
Were savde by myracle ;
And, sooth to say, in dangerous houre
He had some more than human powre,
As seemes by what befell.

He brought with him a magicke booke,
Whereon his eye did oft times looke,
That wrought him wonders great :
A magicke staffe he had alsoe,
That angrie fiendes compelld to goe
To doe his bidding straight.

The spirites of the earth and aire,
Unseene, yet fleeting every where,
To crosse him could not chuse.
All this by studie he had gainde,
While he in Arragon remainde,
But never thought to use.

When landed on th' enchanted Isle,
His little Ida's morning smile
Made him forgett his woe :
And thus within a caverne dreare
They livde for many a yeare ifere,
For heaven had willd it soe.

His blacke lockes turnd all silver gray,
But ever time he wore away
To teach his child intent ;

And as she into beautie grewe
In knowledge she advanced to[o],
As wise as innocent.

Most lovelie was she to beholde :
Her hair was like to sunn litt golde ;
As blue as heaven her eye.
When she was in her fifteenth yeere
Her daintie forme was like the deere,
Sportfull with majestie.

The Demons who the land had held,
By might of magicke he expelld,
Save such as he did neede ;
And servaunts of the ayre he kept,
To watch ore Ida, when she slept,
And on swift message speede.

And all this while in Arragon
Benormo raignde, who had a son,
Now growne to man's estate :
His sire in all things most unlike,
Of courage tried, yet slow to strike,
Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the princes name.
It chanced posthaste a message came
 Just then to Aragonn,
From Sicilie to son and sire,
Which did their presence soone desire,
 To see Sicilia's son

Fast tyed in the nuptiall band
To Naples daughter's lovelie hand,
 And they to goe consent :
Soe, in a galley on a day
To Sicilie they tooke their way,
 Thither to saile intent.

Geraldo by his magicke arte
Knew even the houre of their depart
 For distant Sicilie :
He knew alsoe that they must passe
Neare to the isle whereon he was,
 And that revenge was nie.

He callde his spirites of the aire
Commanding them a storme prepare,
 To cast them on that shore.

The gallant bark came sailing on
With silken sailes from Arragon,
And manie a guilded ore.

But guilded ore and silken saile
Might not against the storme prevaile ;
The windes blew hie and loude :
The sailes were rent, the ores were broke,
The ship was split by lightning stroke,
That burst from angrie cloude.

But such Geraldoes powre that day,
That though the ship was cast away,
Of all the crue not one,
Not even the shipboy then was drown'd
And olde Benormo on drie ground
Imbracde his dearest son.

About the isle they wander'd long,
For still some spirit led them wrong,
Till they were wearie growne ;
Then came to olde Geraldoes cell,
Where he and lovelie Ida dwell :
Though seene, they were not knowne.

Much marvell'd they in such a place
To see an Eremit's wringled face,
More at the maide they start ;
As soone as did Alfonso see
Ida soe beautifull, but hee
Felt love within his hart.

Benormo heard, with grief and shame,
Geraldo call him by his name,
His brothers voyce well knowne :
Upon his aged knees he fell,
And wept that he did ere rebell
Against his brother's throne.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime,
I sweare, since that u[n]happie time
I have not tasted peace :
Returne and take againe your crowne,
Which at your feete I will lay downe,
And soe our jarres surcease.

Never, Geraldo said, will I
Ascend that seate of soverainty ;
But I all wrongs forgett.

I have a daughter, you a son,
And they shall raigne in Aragon,
And on my throne be sett.

My head is all to[o] olde to beare
The weight of crownes, and kingdomes care :
Peace in my booke I finde.
Gold crownes become not silver lockes ;
Like sunbeames upon whitend rockes,
They mocke the tranquill minde.

Benormo, worne with cares of state,
Which worldlie sorrowes aye create,
Sawe the advice was good.
The tide of love betwixt the paire,
Alfonso young and Ida faire,
Had suddaine reach'd the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out
From Sicilie, in feare and doubt
As having heard the wracke,
Arrivde at the Inchanted Isle,
And tooke them all in little while
Unto Messina backe.

But ere his leave Geraldo tooke
Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,
And broke his magicke wand :
His arte forbid he aye forswore
Never to deale in magicke more,
The while the earth should stand.

From that day forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene :
Some say 'tis buried deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wed ;
To Arragon there after sped
With fathers who them blesst.
Alfonso rulde for many a yeare :
His people lovde him farre and neare,
But Ida lovde him best.

FINIS R. G.

SETEBOS.

SETEBOS, god of the witch Sycorax, was a Patagonian deity mentioned by Richard Eden in his "History of Travayle in the West and East Indies, and other countreys lying eyther way towards the fruitfull and rich Moluccaes."

LAMPEDUSA

is an island midway between Malta and the African coast, in which Mr. Joseph Hunter has argued that we may find Prospero's island. He says "it is precisely in the situation which the circumstances of every part of the story require. Sailors from Algiers land Sycorax on its shores; Prospero, sailing from an Italian port, and beating about at the mercy of the waves, is found at last at Lampedusa; Alonso, sailing from Tunis, and steering his course for Naples, is driven by a storm a little out of his track, and lights on Lampedusa."







